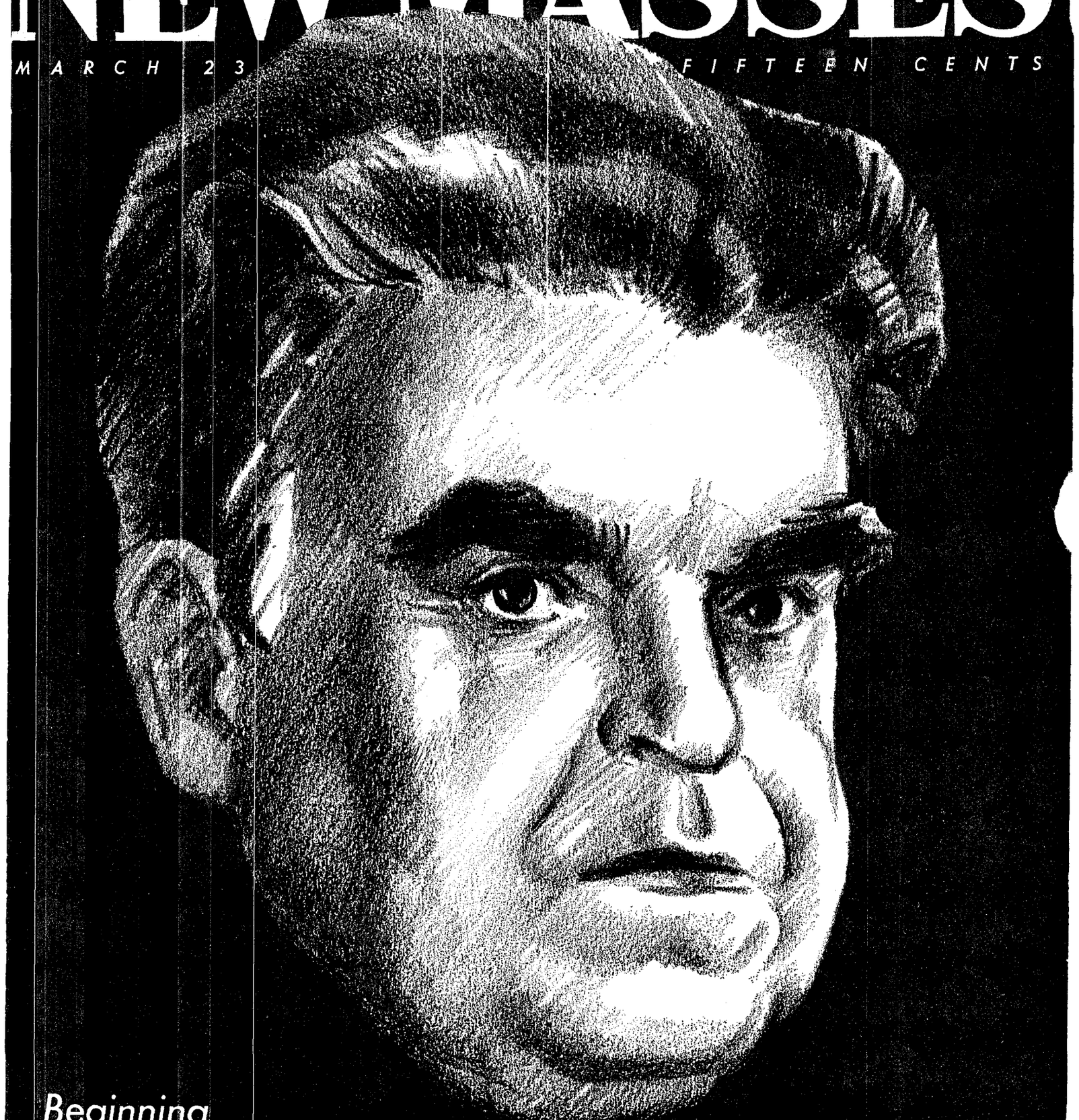
NEW MASSES

MARCH 23 FIFTEEN CENTS



Beginning

THE STORY OF JOHN L. LEWIS

by BRUCE MINTON *and* JOHN STUART

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE question was raised last week by Ruth McKenny, at the close of her memoir of Ben Leider, American newspaperman-aviator killed while flying in the defense of Spanish democracy, as to what you, who still live, will do to make sure that fascism does not pass. Leider died in defense of that principle, and already his memory is a banner behind which writers and others are rallying for further efforts in defense of democratic Spain. A sponsoring committee has been set up for a Ben Leider Memorial Fund for

the furtherance of technical aid to Spain. Among those who have already joined the committee are Heywood Broun, chairman, Editor Joseph Freeman, Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.), John Dewey, André Malraux, Arthur Kober, Rex Ingram, Jonathan Eddy, Max Lerner, Harrison Smith, and Ernest L. Meyer. The headquarters of the sponsoring committee for the Ben Leider Memorial Fund are at 545 Fifth Ave., New York. Ruth McKenny's question remains: What will you, who still live, do to make sure that fascism does not pass?

The movement for the defense of democratic Spain, indeed, grows apace. In sharp contrast to the news that fifty thousand or more Italian "volunteers" are the spearhead of the campaign against Madrid, is the action of the Italian Anti-Fascist Committee in this country, headed by Girolamo Valenti, editor of *Stampa Libera*. A dispatch to the New York *Times* from rebel territory acknowledges that German and Italian anti-fascists are among the most important of the loyalist defense units. The Garibaldi Battalion of Italians are among those who are doing heroic work on the Madrid front. It is in support of this contingent that the Italian Anti-Fascist Committee here is campaigning, and at 2:30 Sunday afternoon, March 21, at New York's Mecca Temple, will hold a mass meeting protesting Mussolini's invasion of Spain. Editor Joseph Freeman is scheduled to speak, as are Congressmen John T. Bernard and Arthur Mitchell, Trade-Unionist Arturo Giovanitti, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. An overflow turnout at this meeting will be a ringing rebuke to the fascist despoilers.

And while the popular front in Spain and elsewhere is bending every effort to conquer the fascist onslaught, and while the Soviet Union is everywhere acknowledged to be the nation which has accorded the greatest aid to democratic Spain, the enemies of the popular front and of the Soviet Union carry on their sinister work. These enemies, when they fight in the open, can be seen and guarded against. But there are enemies of the popular front and the Soviet Union who cleverly conceal their work behind a mask of slogans designed to enmesh the liberal friends of peace and freedom so that they stultify the people's-front movement and act against the Soviet Union. We refer, of course, to the Trotskyites, who have pictured the Spanish popular front as the assassin of the Spanish workers.

The true nature of the Trotskyite campaign against the people's front and the Soviet Union will come in for a little illumination from a group of liberals who can penetrate the fog of words and see what is really going on, when Mauritz A. Hallgren, associate editor of the Baltimore *Sun*; Louis Fischer, Spanish and Soviet correspondent of the *Nation*; James Waterman Wise, editor of *Opinion*; and Maurice Hindus, author of several books on the Soviet Union, speak Friday, March 19, at New York's Mecca Temple. With Malcolm Cowley, editor of the *New Republic*, in the chair, the speakers will cover several aspects of the question of where liberals should stand with respect to defense against fascism today.

What's What

THE first national exhibition of work by its members is announced by the American Artists' Congress. This will not be a single show in a single city, but, following the regional growth and interests of the congress membership, will be divided among eight cities, chosen to permit a showing in every section of the country. There will be no jury and no limitation in respect to content or expression, but according to Yasuo Kuniyoshi, chairman of the exhibition committee, it is expected that the main tendency of the congress's viewpoint, defense of culture against war and fascism, will express itself in the work shown. The exhibition will run from April 16 through April 29, in the following places: Portland Art Museum, Portland, Ore.; Newspaper Guild headquarters, Cleveland, O.; Harmanson Rare Book and Print Shop, New Orleans, La.; Stanley Ross Gallery, Los Angeles, Calif.; the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md.; and the International Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Volunteer research workers, who can do anything from clipping and filing to making statistical analyses, are wanted to help in a number of projects which have been undertaken jointly by the Labor Research Association and the International Labor Defense. Those interested should communicate with Robert W. Dunn, Room 634, 80 East Eleventh St., New York.

Belle Sufian, of 196 Buffalo Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., requests information or material bearing on the life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, a biography of whom she plans. Meanwhile, we might refer her to *The Shining Woman*, a new life of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin by George Preedy, published by Collins in England.

A NEW MASSES Current Events Club has been established in Newark, N. J., which will meet regularly Thursday evenings, beginning March 25, at 1004 Broad St. Alberto Moreau will lead the lecture-discussions.

Who's Who

THE work of Bruce Minton is, of course, well known to NEW MASSES readers. His collaborator, John Stuart, (who had a similar association with Granville Hicks on the latter's life of John Reed) and Minton have done a full-length study of the American labor movement through biographies of its contemporary leaders, of which this study of John L. Lewis is one. The complete work will be published shortly in book form by Modern Age Books, Inc.

Henry Ozanne is a working journalist employed on a western newspaper. He has contributed to our pages before.

Selden Rodman is one of the editors of *Common Sense* and author of the new *Lawrence: The Last Crusade*, an epic biography in verse of the author of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

Adam Lapin has contributed to the NEW MASSES before, chiefly on matters which have come to him in line of duty as a labor journalist.

Herb Kruckman, whose cartoon series, "Seeing America First," has been appearing in the NEW MASSES for some weeks, has done a book, *Hol' Up Yo' Head*, which is being sold at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York, with the proceeds going to the Spanish loyalists.

Harold Rosenberg was one of the editors of *Partisan Review*. His article in this issue is an adaptation of a lecture given by him under the auspices of that journal.

Flashbacks

"SO you're the little lady that made the war," Abraham Lincoln is quoted as saying when he met novelist Harriet Beecher Stowe. In America alone, eight power presses ran day and night turning out 300,000 copies of her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* within the year after March 20, 1852, when it first appeared in book form. Uncle Tom, the first Negro hero in our literature, was a great success. . . . The first workers' government in the world, the Paris Commune, assumed power

March 18, 1871, after the Franco-Prussian War. . . . That same week after the World War saw another workers' democracy make its brave start. "The proletariat of Hungary from today has taken all power in its hands," began an official proclamation March 21, 1919. . . . "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" declared Patrick Henry, speaking in England's Virginia, March 20, 1775.

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NEW MASSES
MARCH 23, 1937

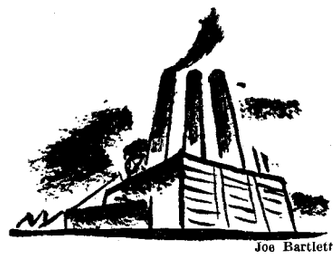
THE STORY OF JOHN L. LEWIS

The shaggy-haired chief of the United Mine Workers and the C.I.O. has traveled a path that has been not only rough, but circuitous

By Bruce Minton and John Stuart

JOHN L. LEWIS, president of the United Mine Workers, is undoubtedly the most important labor leader in America today. But to his former associates on the A.F. of L. executive council, he is a renegade. Five years ago, the scowling mine leader was content to sit with them at the council table and conduct himself like one of the boys, willing to follow the course mapped by his former patron, Samuel Gompers, without seriously challenging its direction. Today, John L. Lewis heads the progressive bloc in labor.

It took time for Lewis to learn: he distrusted theory and depended on experience. For ten years, he won repeated victories over the employers—on paper; only after ten years did he seem to appreciate that too often these victories obscured retreats which would lead to ultimate rout. The more this Samson of labor, as he liked to represent himself, lashed out at the coal operators, the more they sheared his power. He enjoyed struggle, believed in it. "They are smiting me hip and thigh," he exulted, and "Right merrily I shall return



Joe Bartlett

their blows." Yet in eight years his union lost over two-thirds of its membership. And it apparently dawned on John L. Lewis that for all his shrewdness and energy, he was sinking to the level of just another A.F. of L. official, heading a handful of workers while the mine operators corralled his former membership into company unions and manacled them to yellow-dog contracts.

Then came 1933 and the N.R.A. Lewis, like Samson with the new jawbone of an ass, struck out with Section 7-A. In four months he smashed the company unions and recruited 98 percent of the coal miners into the United Mine Workers of America. This time, he resolved, victory would not blind him to reality. As he stated to the 1935 A.F. of L. convention, the Federation had "a record of twenty-five years of constant, unbroken failure." Now it was imperative that the A.F. of L. "condemn itself for its own short-sighted policy and for creating gratuitously a situation that permits an enemy to come over its walls and wage destruction in its internal affairs."

John L. Lewis had Red-baited with the best of them, had voted the Republican ticket, and had been undismayed by the Federation's refusal to organize the unorganized. But in the end, Lewis understood that it was necessary for the survival of the labor movement to bring the thirty million workers outside the A.F. of L. into industrial unions.

William Green, William Hutcheson of the Carpenters & Joiners, and all the petty bureaucrats on the executive council tried to prevent the impending drive. Furiously Hutcheson denounced Lewis at the 1935 A.F. of L. convention, and in his rage called the mine leader a

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"big bastard." Lewis's deep-set eyes under the shaggy brows shone with hard anger as he knocked Hutcheson down. Within a fortnight, Lewis and the presidents of seven other A.F. of L. unions formed the Committee for Industrial Organization. Within a month, Lewis dramatically resigned from the A.F. of L. executive council. Within a year, William Green was wailing that his old friend John had turned traitor ("Alas, poor Green," mocked Lewis, "I knew him well."); and William Hutcheson, campaigning for the Liberty League, was venomously denouncing Lewis as a "Red" and warning that "A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for Lewis." Within a year and a half, inspired by the C.I.O., workers began their victorious march. Employees in the flat-glass industry struck and won a blanket pay increase; rubber workers gained higher wages and improved conditions; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers negotiated a 12-percent wage rise for all employees in the tailoring branch of the industry; the United Automobile Workers forced the huge General Motors Corp. to recognize their union as the bargaining agent in twenty plants; and, most important of all, the traditionally open-shop United States Steel Corporation signed an agreement with the C.I.O.'s Steel Workers' Organizing Committee recognizing the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers, granting improved wages, the forty-hour week, and pay for overtime. Behind the historic success of John L. Lewis and the C.I.O. was the eagerness of workers to join and support labor organizations based on logic, prosecuted with energy, and promising a new era of genuine achievement for the American labor movement.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM was nothing new in America. Even before the formation of the A.F. of L. in 1886, the Knights of Labor had advocated organization on an industrial basis. Mistakes of leadership and the admission by the Knights of small merchants and farmers in what was supposed to be a trade-union organization confused the movement and laid it open to attacks from the church, the state, and the employers.

Though Samuel Gompers joyfully participated in the ceremonies that finally laid the Knights to rest, and though he rejoiced that the labor movement was safe at last for craft separatism, agitation for industrial organization cropped up continually, so that in 1901 the A.F. of L. was forced to adopt the so-called Scranton Declaration. The declaration recognized that in exceptional cases (such as the United Mine Workers), industrial organization should be tolerated by the Federation. It further suggested amalgamations which permitted unions to organize an entire industry or major branch of it, while preserving craft lines among the component sections of the union (for example, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers).

Throughout the succeeding years, the Federation was plagued by opposition labor movements advocating industrial organization—the International Workers of the World before

Miner Tromka

the war, the affiliates of the Trade Union Unity League in the late twenties. For over a decade, the League, with its predecessor the Trade Union Educational League, founded by William Z. Foster, had steadfastly promoted industrial unionism as the only realistic way of organizing American labor. It was William Z. Foster, the leader of the 1919 steel strike, who demonstrated that the A.F. of L.'s craft philosophy prevented the successful unionization of workers in mass-production industries.

Each attempt to introduce industrial organization met opposition from the A.F. of L. When the Committee for Industrial Organization announced plans for unionizing the thirty million still outside the labor unions, the craft officials responded as they had done for forty years—smash the progressives! Ironically enough, William Green, before he had become president of the A.F. of L., had written in 1917:

> The organization of men by industry rather than by crafts brings about a more perfect organization, closer coöperation, and tends to develop the highest form of organization. The causes of jurisdictional disputes are considerably decreased, and in many industries can be eliminated altogether. . . . It is becoming more and more evident that if unskilled workers are forced to work long hours and for low wages, the interests and welfare of the skilled workers are constantly menaced thereby. . . . Some of the advantages resulting from an industrial form of organization are the reduction of opportunities or causes for jurisdictional disputes, the concentration of all men employed in industry, and the advancement and protection of the unskilled laborer in the same proportion as that of the skilled worker.

Green has long since abandoned this convincing line of argument. Yet the records of the few industrial unions in the Federation, when compared to those of the craft unions, bore out his 1917 statement. From 1920 to 1935, industrial unions increased their memberships by six percent while craft unions diminished by 32 percent. Significantly, those semi-industrial unions that endorsed Lewis's advocacy of industrial unionism at the 1935 convention, gained five percent in numbers; the semi-industrial unions opposing him lost 60 percent. Moreover, strike offensives during this fifteen-year period were almost completely restricted to those industries where organization along industrial and semi-industrial lines existed: auto, rubber, marine, needle and garment trades, mining.

Backed as it was by well-established unions with substantial resources, and coming as it did at a time when workers welcomed organization, the C.I.O. got off to a quick start. Attacks by the executive council failed to dismay Lewis. "I fear his threats," he remarked of Green, "as much as I believe his promises." While Lewis lacked a clear perspective of the profound implications of the C.I.O. program, he pushed it forward with the same fury that had attracted Samuel Gompers's admiration twenty years before.

JOHN LLEWELLYN LEWIS, who at fifty-five turned his back on his past, was born in 1880 at Lucas, Ia. His Welsh parents had left mining communities in the old country; they met in Lucas, married, and raised a large family. John's father, Thomas, was a member of the Knights of Labor. Active in a mine strike, his name appeared before long on the company blacklist. He moved with his family to another town, where he again found employment in the pits until the blacklist caught up with him. From then on, he welcomed any job he could get.

John received the usual upbringing of a boy in a small Middle Western mining town. He attended elementary school, entered the mines at the age of twelve, organized a baseball team, fought hard and enthusiastically with his ham-like fists, and later made public addresses whenever anyone would listen. He was a self-possessed youth, with a poker face, a pugnacious chin, and heavy, bulldog features. He liked to wag impressively the leonine head with its unruly shock of red-brown hair. He dramatized himself, puckering his thick and bristling brows over dark, unsentimental eyes, pouting his full lips, jutting his jaw forward belligerently. Above all, he had curiosity, a desire to know for himself—perhaps because knowledge added to his self-assurance. He read carefully, the Bible, Shakespeare, the books that his future wife, a young school-teacher, chose for him.

At twenty-one, John had grown restive, cramped by the small town. He wanted to see the country, to try his luck elsewhere. Moreover, mining was a dangerous, difficult occupation, and John felt no great urge to stick to it. Accordingly, he roamed through the West, but mining was what he knew and he invariably ended up in the pits. He dug copper in Colorado, silver and coal in Montana, gold, soft coal, hard coal here and there, wherever he happened to land. He witnessed strikes and took part in them. He helped dig out 400 miners killed in the 1905 mine explo-

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sion at Hannah, Wyo. He drove mules, and displayed his peculiar audacity when a vicious animal called Spanish Pete attacked him in a mine corridor. John brained the mule with the sprag of a coal car, covered the wounds with clay, and told the foreman that Spanish Pete had died of heart failure.

By 1906, John Lewis had drifted back to Lucas. A year later he was elected delegate to the United Mine Workers' convention. The following year he married the school-teacher, Myrta Edith Bell, who had helped him educate himself and who in the future was to polish off his thunderous rhetoric.

Once again in 1909 he moved, this time to the coal fields of Panama, Ill. Here his career in union circles got seriously under way. Elected president of the Panama local, he acted as a one-man grievance committee, and in a few months had talked himself into the position of state legislative agent for the union. At the state capital, his dramatic presentation of the horrors of the Cherry mine explosion won safety measures for the miners.

John Lewis enjoyed haranguing the legislature. He spoke his ornate sentences from puffed cheeks, lowered his voice to a tense stage whisper, shook the furniture with his deep-throated roar. His eyes flashed under brows drawn frowningly together. He pounded tables, stretched his arms wide as he beseeched the heavens to hear his plea. But often the revivalist declamation, so full of bombast, grew trenchantly brilliant, and then the tub-thumper was transformed into a caustic phrasemaker.

At thirty-one, Lewis's prodigious energy impressed Samuel Gompers, who appointed him field and legislative representative of the A.F. of L. Lewis welcomed the chance to act as Gompers's personal emissary; the job took him all over America: into the glass, lumber, rubber, and other industries. He participated in the Calumet copper strike. He attempted to organize steel, and saw the craft officials wrangling in jurisdictional disputes that kept the campaign from making any headway. He appeared before legislatures in several states, before the national Congress, and in 1916 served as a member of the Interstate Scale Committee. That same year he acted as president *pro tem* at the United Mine Workers' convention. When John P. White, president of the U.M.W., appointed him chief statistician of the union, he quit his job as Gompers's special representative. High time, Lewis felt, to get back into his own union, for there lay his future.

Industrial in form, the largest union in the A.F. of L., the United Mine Workers had survived twenty years of harsh struggle. The rank and file knew the meaning of blacklists, terror, protracted strikes, harassing pressure from the coal operators. The union had joined the Federation in 1890; seven years later the miners, under the then militant John Mitchell, won their first national strike. But John Mitchell fell easy prey to Gompers's policy of collaboration; by 1902, he was deferring to J. P. Morgan, and when the anthracite miners struck that year, he refused to permit the bituminous miners to strike in support —on the ground that they were bound by contracts signed with the operators. Mitchell considered a contract sacred above all things —even when the operators violated it, the miners must continue to observe it. And John Mitchell bequeathed this principle to the officialdom of the U.M.W., which reverently conformed to the tradition. Mitchell left the union for business and died with a fortune of $250,000.

Tom Lewis (no relation to John L.), who followed Mitchell to the presidency, later went South, where he bought and operated a non-union mine. John P. White, his successor, allowed John D. Rockefeller, through terror and massacre, to institute company unionism in Colorado. He ended his career by taking a job as permanent arbitrator. While patriotteering during the war, White evolved the philosophy that high profits were the only guarantee that could assure the maintenance of coal production, and therefore the first concern of the miners must be for the earnings of the employers. After White came Frank Hayes, a friendly, ineffectual man who drank too much and who let John L. Lewis, whom Hayes appointed first vice-president, take full charge of the union.

With this advancement, John L. Lewis plunged into years of turbulent activity. The war, just over, had offered unprecedented opportunity for organization. But the officials of the United Mine Workers had been too busy selling Liberty Bonds to find time to build the union. Obligingly, they had signed an agreement with the federal Fuel Administration pledging the union to ask for no change in the wage scale for the duration of the war. The scale had been raised in 1916 from $3 a day to $5; and on that basis the union relinquished all struggle for better conditions while international hostilities lasted.

Joseph Serrano

"'It's not in me to gas the strikers,' I told myself—but I'll be damned if I didn't do it!"

BUT BY 1919, with the Armistice a year old, the rank-and-file miners were clamoring for higher pay and a stabilized work week. Mining was hazardous, and the conditions under which miners worked were far worse than even the shameful conditions existing in most American industries. When the delegates met at the 1919 convention, over which John L. Lewis presided in Frank Hayes's place, the overwhelming majority supported demands for a 60-percent raise in pay, a six-hour day, and a five-day week.

Lewis informed the operators that unless they granted the miners' terms, the U.M.W.

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would strike. Negotiations got nowhere; coal operators had a fixed principle never to yield to the miners until no other way out remained. The government suggested arbitration. Lewis snorted at the idea: "In the language of Judge Elbert B. Gary," he proclaimed, "I cannot discuss arbitration at this time."

The owners flocked to Washington, insistent that the government put down the threatened "insurrection." They were greeted with ready sympathy by officials who in turn confided their political ambitions to the understanding operators. President Wilson, from a sick-bed, once again rallied to the defense of democracy by warning that no peace treaty had yet been signed with the Central Powers, and consequently the United States was still technically at war. He recalled the war-time agreement between the miners and the government, though the Fuel Administration had long since disbanded. The strike, Wilson concluded, "is not only unjustifiable, but is unlawful." To prove it, the notorious attorney-general, A. Mitchell Palmer, obtained a temporary injunction from a federal court in Indiana which forbade the strike.

John L. Lewis replied: "Today, when the coal miners of the country, in a justified attempt to improve their conditions, undertake a wage move, we find our efforts strangled by the President of the United States. . . ." The rank and file applauded; on November 1, 1919, the date set for the walkout, 70 percent of the bituminous miners, about 411,000 in all, stayed away from the pits.

Victory seemed certain. Europe faced a coal shortage: in England, coal miners were on the verge of a strike; the Austrian government, desperately in need of coal, was planning to buy it from America; many French mines had been ruined by the German invasion; elsewhere, the war had dislocated production. No possibility existed of breaking the U.M.W.'s strike by providing the American market with imported coal. The miners, firm in their demands, held a strategically impregnable position.

The only flaw was the government's determination to smash the strike. Less than a week after the miners had stopped work, the attorney-general received a permanent injunction from a willing court, which ordered the cancellation of the strike by November 11. Lewis, wholly under the sway of the ruinous Gompers tradition of complete coöperation with the employers, and inexperienced in negotiations of such complexity, called a conference of coal-union heads. They advised him to rescind the strike. Accordingly, Lewis announced the strike's termination and ordered the workers to return to the pits. "We cannot fight the government," he apologized.

During the next few weeks, the miners straggled back to their jobs—except in Illinois, where they refused to abide by the order and where they remained on strike until December. Their insubordination gained them better terms than those obtained by the miners who had returned to work. The majority, when months later they finally learned the results of arbitration, discovered that they had received less than half their demands: a 27-percent increase in the wage scale and no change in the basic eight-hour day. Even with the new scale, miners earned at best from $900 to $1000 a year.

Yet Lewis claimed a victory. It was the first important experience proving that capitulation to employers in place of vigorous struggle led only to defeat. It was above all one of a series of experiences that undoubtedly moved Lewis, fifteen years later, to become a leading force in the building of the Committee for Industrial Organization, which in two years broke through the first defenses of the anti-labor steel trust.

(This is the first of a series of three articles on ***John L. Lewis.****)*

Herb Kruckman

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

VIII—Sit-Down Strike

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The Four-Bit Estate

The collective evaluation of Romance, and the using of the findings in a realistic way, has been one achievement of the Newspaper Guild

By Henry Ozanne

"THE fascinating thing about newspaper work is you meet so many interesting people."

Oh yeah? In the last eight months, the only persons I have met are bill collectors and one Nazi general. I believe the largest service of the American Newspaper Guild in the nearly four years of its existence is its debunking of this trade, the press. I suppose only an Odd McIntyre knows how that myth called Newspaper Romance ever grew up in America, but it was well on the way to becoming a national legend when the Guild put the skids under it. You know the conceits of the old fable, something like this:

Reporter: a devil-may-care young chap of hidden native genius, capable, as occasion requires, of smashing out the story of the year; doesn't care a damn about such prosaic questions as salary, hours, and conditions of work; can go anyplace on five minutes' notice, and at any instant may burst forth with the Great American Novel.

Copyreader: one of those half-mad, grumpy fellows with a green eye-shade; an arch individualist who doesn't give a hang for job or boss; a sort of squatting encyclopædia, liable on a moment's notice to jump up from his desk and stomp off to a better job.

City editor: a surly, pencil-chewing potentate who snarls orders at the staff, but who preserves a secret tenderness for the Cub Reporter; possesses some indefinable genius that sets him apart from the rest of humanity.

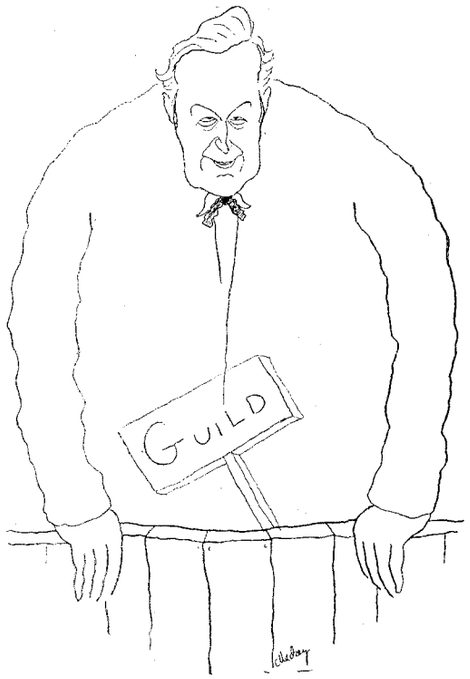
Publisher (the Old Man): a tough business man with a great social vision who mingles with his paternal love for all his employees a burning passion to set the town right; ranks next to the preacher as the divine agent for administering to the community.

There were many other components of the legend: Gal Reporter, the Cub, Slot Man, and Columnist. (Despite Heywood Broun, the Guild has not yet quite debunked that last.)

Then came the American Newspaper Guild, depression born, flaunting this heresy: we're only a gang of guys working at a trade, and if we know our baloney, we'd better plunk for a labor union.

That, of course, horrified the mythographers. Even the General Public (you guess) couldn't understand, we were warned, that newspapermen had families, had to worry about baby's shoes and a can of beans. There was something too unromantic about it.

The picket line smashed the last illusion. Then, in honest journeyman reporting, the Guild amassed the facts. They were enough



John Mackey

Heywood Broun, president of the A.N.G.

to start another senate probe. Here's the way it leaked out:

At the 1936 convention of the American Newspaper Guild, there was set up a survey group called the Chain Paper Committee. This committee represented the news-room employees of the larger multiple publishers, Hearst, Scripps-Howard, Block, and Gannett, among others. The committee gathered data on newspaper wages, hours, and working conditions in a nation-wide study of publications large and small. It was the first glimpse behind the scenes in newspaper-land. When it was finished, there was not much left of the Romance (schools of journalism, please note).

The findings of the Chain Paper Committee typified the national picture. Hearst is the first example. All Hearst newspapers continued in effect—and still do—their three 10-percent wage reductions, the last of which was instituted more than three years ago. These wage cuts were the most devastating blow struck at newsmen by any American publisher.

Specific instances selected from Hearst newspapers highlight the case. The Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* denied its editorial employees a forty-dollar weekly minimum, but paid its publisher $26,000 yearly. Hearst's Washington *Times* averaged only thirty-eight dollars for sixteen reporters, despite its top of sixty dollars. A financial writer on this paper was paid only thirty dollars. Hearst's Rochester *Journal-American* pay was the poorest of that city's three newspapers. A prior survey of 1934 showed experienced *Journal-American* men averaged less than thirty dollars. Little improvement was made until 1937. Hearst newspapers proved themselves the greatest opportunists toward their employees. Two Hearst papers were among the highest paying of those surveyed. More than half of the rest were among the worst. The Hearst San Francisco *Examiner* stepped into the better pay status mainly because of the bidding back and forth between the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle,* and because of fear of the Guild. After the Guild strike on the Hearst Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* the *Examiner* was considered by the Hearst management as the recruiting ground for strike-breakers. The *Examiner* then put five men under contract in the top bracket. Incidentally, the *Examiner* has the dubious reputation of having waged a more vicious fight against the Guild than perhaps any other newspaper. In three years, three Guild chairmen have been dismissed from the *Examiner* for Guild activity. Hearst's isolated Omaha *Bee-News* revealed management tactics in those communities where competition could be held at a minimum. The *Bee-News* paid its news editor sixty-five dollars while the independently owned Omaha *World-Herald* paid one hundred dollars for the same job. *Bee-News* sports editor, fifty dollars; *World-Herald,* one hundred and twenty-five dollars; six *Bee-News* copyreaders totaled $272.50 while four *World-Herald* copyreaders totaled $280. Twenty-five Guild members, averaging seven years' experience, leveled off at $33 on the *Bee-News.* The *Bee-News* publisher is paid $26,000 yearly.

Hearst's Albany *Times-Union* paid some of its editorial workers as low as fifteen dollars, and the average was less than thirty dollars. Hearst's New York *American* last September instituted the sixty-dollar-minimum copydesk, after prolonged Guild pressure. But the *American* made the concession quietly, after refusing, through Publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr., a request for a Guild-management conference. The Los Angeles *Examiner* (Hearst) granted pay increases only after the Guild began organization.

Wages with the Scripps-Howard chain were scarcely better. The Scripps Cleveland *Press* was among the best paid of the chain, as well it should be. The *Press* is the big Scripps money maker, for many years netting its owners never less than one million dollars, and

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before the depression earning up to three million yearly. Yet even on the *Press* the average weekly pay for reporters was only forty-one dollars in the 1933 survey. This low scale prevailed to March, 1936, when the Guild forced through a contract by which the weekly average for reporters and rewrite men became sixty dollars, and for copyreaders sixty-five dollars.

In contrast with the Scripps parent sheet, the Scripps El Paso *Herald-Post,* where the Guild was not yet in full swing, averaged only nineteen dollars for six reporters, with top reporters paid only twenty-five dollars, and two only fourteen dollars. Scripps Indianapolis *Times* paid its beginning reporters eighteen dollars, and one-year experienced men twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars—if they were married! This paper's experienced copy-desk men were paid as low as thirty dollars. Scripps Washington *News* averaged less than forty dollars for all its newsroom workers, and before first Guild pressure the average had been twenty-eight dollars. The *News* top for men of three years experience or more was forty-five dollars. Scripps Buffalo *Times* averaged thirty-five dollars. Scripps Toledo *News-Bee* workers, after arduous negotiation and despite a conciliatory local management, were never able to win more than a forty-dollar top, and the staff averaged closer to thirty-five dollars.

One of the lowest paid of the Scripps league was the Tacoma *Times,* where a beginning reporter started at twelve dollars. The city editor of this paper received only $44.50. Fourteen editorial employees of the *Times* averaged twenty-five dollars. One Tacoma *Times* reporter of ten years' experience, with a wife and two children, was cut to $13.50 a week. With the organization of the Guild in Tacoma, this employee finally won twenty-two dollars. The oldest reporter on the *Times* staff was paid twenty-two dollars.

Scripps Cincinnati *Post* averaged about forty dollars after the management offered to extend a thirty-five-dollar minimum for five-year experienced men! Even the Scripps Pittsburgh *Press* averaged only thirty-five dollars for its street and rewrite men.

One of the strongest Guild units is that of the Scripps New York *World-Telegram,* employer of Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild. Due to the fight waged for three years by the *World-Telegram* Guild unit, editorial employees secured an average of around fifty dollars. Rewrite men won about sixty-five dollars.

Until the intensified Guild drive early this year, it has been estimated that an average of all news-room workers, excluding executives, of all dailies in the United States, would fall well below the thirty-dollar mark.

But salaries were not the whole story. Work hours per week were another dark side chapter. Generally, the old N.R.A. forty-hour week had been abandoned. The following instances are typical. Hearst's Washington *Times,* nominally on the forty-hour week, worked its news employees forty-four to forty-eight hours. Omaha *Bee-News* sports employees worked up to seventy hours weekly. Photographers on the Hearst Albany *Times-Union* averaged sixty hours weekly. The picture editor on this paper, who was paid an apprentice salary, worked seventy-two hours a week.

One of the worst offenders was the Scripps Knoxville *News Sentinel,* a seven-day paper, with the staff working straight through. Some desk men here put in seventy-two hours, and none of the staff worked less than sixty hours a week! Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* men worked sixteen to twenty hours a day during the 1936 flood. For such extraordinary service the photographers were given an extra twenty-five dollars—by International News Service, not by the paper. After weeks of negotiation, a "bonus" of one day's pay was given employees earning less than fifty dollars weekly!

It was due solely to Guild activity that the movement was put under way for restoration of the five-day forty-hour week.

For years, even minimum "social security" policies were unknown to American publishers. Virtually no such thing as employment stability existed. Some of the most flagrant cases, such as that of Morris Watson (dismissed by the Associated Press for Guild activity) and Dean Jennings (fired by Hearst for Guild connections) have been aired widely in Labor Relations Board and court hearings. Two recent examples were Frank M. Lynch and Everhardt Armstrong, both veterans of Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.* Lynch had been with the publication fifteen years; Armstrong seventeen years. They were fired on a moment's notice, and Guild protest on this action is what led to the strike that closed the *Post-Intelligencer* in twenty-four hours. One of the Guild's grievances with the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* was the dismissal of an artist on two weeks' notice who had served the paper since 1927.

The third anniversary of the Guild, last December 15, showed a national membership of 5877, growing fast, in sixty-seven Guilds and 275 units. Contracts had been obtained with the Boston *Herald* and the *Traveler,* Cleveland *News,* Madison (Wis.) *State-Journal,* the Madison *Capital-Times,* New York *Amsterdam News,* New York *Daily News,* New York *Post,* Havas News Agency, Peoria (Ill.) *Journal-Transcript,* Philadelphia Labor Publications, Philadelphia *Record,* Reading *Labor-Advocate,* Reading *Times.* Verbal contracts had been reached with the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon-Journal,* and the Washington *News;* and agreements and signed accords had been consummated with the Cleveland *Press,* the Milwaukee *Wisconsin News,* Oakland *Post-Inquirer,* San Francisco *Call-Bulletin,* San Francisco *Chronicle,* San Francisco *News,* San Francisco *Examiner,* and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.* Bulletin-board agreements had been effected in a score of cases, including: Minneapolis *Journal,* Minneapolis *Tribune,* Omaha *Bee-News,* Brooklyn (N.Y.) *Eagle,* New York Evening *Journal,* New York *World-Telegram,* Washington *Herald,* and Washington *Times* among others.

Since then, the Guild has advanced swiftly and is now reaching its full stride. Chicago, the traditional "unorganizable" city, has gone over the hump with 458 Guild members out of 900 eligibles, due largely to the work of A. F. of L. Organizer Don Stevens. The first Chicago paper, the *Times,* has virtually agreed to Guild recognition in accepting a conference offer looking toward a contract. Scripps-Howard is in retreat before Guild demands.

St. Louis swung into line when the *Globe-Democrat* agreed to Guild demands for restoration of the five-day week and wage minimums, providing salary increases of from five dollars to ten dollars weekly for all employees. The Hearst *News-Post* of Baltimore has agreed to meet with the Guild on negotiations for a contract. Bargaining parleys are now on in Boston, the Twin Cities, New York City, Detroit, Youngstown, Yonkers, Albany, and on the West Coast. Initial Guild demands have been conceded by the nation's leading wire services, including Hearst's International News, Universal Service, and International News Photo, and more recently by the Associated Press even while the latter's Morris Watson case is pending in the United States Supreme Court.

Already a conclusion is clear: the isolation of a professional class has been smashed by the American Newspaper Guild; a spearhead in the American labor movement has been fashioned from the news room.

Let's revise the old myth:

Reporter: an experienced newspaper man of many years service, father of a family, paid about thirty dollars a week, who has been in constant fear of losing his job as he grows older, and who hasn't met any "interesting people" since the bootlegger retired; now fighting for the union objectives of minimum wage, decent working conditions, and rightful hours.

Copyreader: one of those all-too-prosaic chaps who sits on the "rim," and has tried for years to stretch his forty dollars to cover a living for his family; hasn't seen a green eyeshade in the office since they fired old man Jason when he couldn't read the datelines any longer; now winning his first battle for guaranteed adequate pay and a semblance of sane economic circumstance.

City editor: a young hopeful whom the office has just "advanced" by dumping the grief on him and raising his pay $2.50; is acquiring a rush of ideas, among the biggest of which is this: if he and the Guild fail now, he'd better turn bricklayer before it's too late.

Publisher: William Randolph Roy Howard Hearst.

Oh, yes, here's one that wasn't in the original myth at all:

American Newspaper Guild: the one hope for something worth-while.

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Coming the News

Covering the events of the week ending March 15, 1937

LEADING the charge for the second successive week, President Roosevelt hurled at the Supreme Court a verbal grenade likely to find a place in future histories. "Hardening of the judicial arteries" was the phrase used by the President to impress upon the country the necessity of his program to enlarge the Court. Meeting the accusation that he wanted to "pack the Court," Roosevelt declared in a "fireside chat" to the nation: ". . . if by that phrase the charge is made that I would appoint and the Senate would confirm justices worthy to sit beside present members of the Court who understand those modern conditions—that I will appoint justices who will not undertake to override the judgment of the Congress or legislative policy —that I will appoint justices who will act as justices and not as legislators—if the appointment of such justices can be called 'packing the courts,' then I say that I and with me the vast majority of the American people favor doing just that thing—now."

Aside from the President's effective address, which resulted in a decided shift in the tenor of mail addressed to congressmen, the week was a victorious one for the administration on the Court issue. The government got off to a fine start as hearings on the President's program were started by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Attorney General Cummings and Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson were the star witnesses for the plan, and they made convincing presentations. Both were at pains to point out the impracticability of a constitutional amendment as an immediate solution. While they did not cite the child-labor amendment as an example, they might well have done so, for at Albany the New York Assembly, under pressure from the most reactionary sources, refused to ratify that proposed amendment, although reliable polls showed 83 percent of the people of the state in favor of ratification. Nevertheless, amendment suggestions continued to issue forth as substitutes for the Court plan, the latest from Senator Pittman (D., Nev.). Under Pittman's proposal, the Court's membership would be permanently fixed at fifteen. More significant was the suggestion of Senator Norris: "I see no reason why Congress should not pursue its legislative remedies and the remedy by way of constitutional amendment at the same time."

A full measure of support for the Roosevelt court program was offered by two major workers' organizations during the week. Urging simultaneous support of the Workers' Rights Amendment, the Workers' Alliance of America urged its "two thousand affiliates throughout the country to immediately wage a campaign to secure support of this proposal by their congressmen and senators." And Labor's Non-Partisan League, meeting in Washington, sent a delegation to the President "to assure him that the working people of the country are with him to a man in his fight to reform the federal judiciary."

Concluding his fireside chat, President Roosevelt asked the country to "accept my solemn assurance that in a world in which democracy is under attack I seek to make American democracy succeed." Whatever the President may do for American democracy, his State Department persisted during the week in its course of doing democracy little good elsewhere in the world. Taking an unprecedented step in American history, Secretary of State Hull issued an edict confining humanitarian aid to Spain to the single channel of the Red Cross. In the face of irrefutable evidence that such paltry humanitarian work as the Red Cross was doing in Spain was almost wholly confined to the fascists, a storm of protest broke over the State Department. Under heavy pressure, particularly from the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, Hull later rescinded his order and agreed to grant passports to American doctors, nurses, and other attendants of medical aid and relief missions destined for Spain.

Instance number two of Mr. Hull's lackadaisical defense of democracy was his weak-kneed attitude toward the Nazi government in connection with the La Guardia incident. Quick to apologize to Nazi diplomats for the New York mayor's suggestion that a statue of Hitler be included in a proposed "chamber of horrors" at New York's coming fair, the secretary was slow in taking action over the flood of unparalleled abuse of all things American that followed in Hitler's puppet press. In the end he asked for no apology, contenting himself with a sharply worded verbal protest,

Cordell Hull—Apologized

made through Ambassador Dodd in Berlin. Almost as insulting as the shocking press attacks was the official reply. While Hull had offered "very earnest regrets," the Nazi Foreign Office had the gall to speak of "Germany's heroic anger"—a heroic anger which took the form of branding a group of American women as a collection of prostitutes and the mayor of New York a "procurer." Even more significant was the fact that while Secretary Hull's fulsome apology was given banner heads in every paper in Germany, not a word appeared in the Nazi press about the American protest, to say nothing of the reply.

A CONGRESS that bids fair to mark time for several months to come offered nothing in the way of accomplished legislation during the week. Representative Dickstein (D., N. Y.) continued his efforts for a resolution to provide for a congressional investigation of foreign propaganda in the United States, with particular reference to the Nazis. German organizations, he told the House Rules Committee, are seeking to "foment a fascist plot" in this country. "Nazi rats, spies, and agents are recruiting and drilling uniformed and armed groups in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan," said Dickstein. Representative McReynolds (D., Tenn.) contributed his bit to an otherwise quiet congressional week by a blistering attack on a union of government employees for their criticism of that part of his neutrality bill which would ban the collection of funds for Spain. "Civil service employees have no right to interfere with politics," cried the outraged congressman. "When they mix into matters in which they aren't concerned, they ought to be fired." Whereupon Representative Johnson (F.-L., Minn.) inquired of the gentleman from Tennessee: "American citizens have a right to express their opinion, haven't they?"

Two distinguished citizens of California figured prominently in the week's news—one because he may soon go to jail, the other because he may soon get out of jail. Headed jailwards was Dr. Francis E. Townsend, sponsor of the old-age revolving pension scheme. Dr. Townsend drew a thirty-day sentence for contempt of the House of Representatives, expressed last May, when he stalked out of a House committee room rather than continue answering questions. Townsend was permitted his liberty pending an appeal. Far more important was the development that may spell freedom for the other Californian—Thomas J. Mooney, in prison since 1916 for a crime he did not commit. Taking an unprecedented course, the Assembly of the California legislature voted forty-five to twenty-eight to grant Mooney a legislative pardon.

MOST spectacular labor event of the week was the Chrysler sit-down strike, in which 75,000 employees, led by the United Automobile Workers, were out, 6000 of them holding nine Detroit plants. They were reinforced by 20,000 Briggs Body workers, also out on strike. While his court was picketed by strikers and sympathizers of the strikers,

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Circuit Judge Allen Campbell granted an injunction ordering the 6000 sit-downers to evacuate the plants within forty-eight hours. Arguing against the granting of the petition for injunction, union attorneys charged the Chrysler Corp. with espionage and discrimination, contending that the company had "not come into court with clean hands."

Detroit, however, was merely one of many industrial cities throughout the country where groups of sit-down strikes were in progress. In Los Angeles, bakers laid down their rolling pins and produced only enough bread and cake for their own consumption. Blind broom-workers in Pittsburgh sat down to end employer-discrimination. Four five-and-dime stores in New York City operated by the H. L. Green Co. were closed; heavy paper was pasted on the store windows and doors to prevent passersby on Manhattan's busy Fourteenth Street and Brooklyn's equally crowded Pitkin Avenue from witnessing the orderly activities of the strikers inside. Large groups of police patrolled the sidewalks as picket lines formed by sympathetic consumers explained the causes of the strike to passersby.

The injunction against the Chrysler strikers was part of a general suit brought by America's third largest automobile producer (General Motors and Ford rank first and second) against the union, John L. Lewis, and the C.I.O., with which the U.A.W. is affiliated. The entire offensive was seen as a counter-attack by American industrialists against the growing power of the C.I.O., following, as it does, Lewis's announcement that his organization planned to unionize the workers in the large, unorganized mass-production industries. The Committee for Industrial Organization took five important steps during the week:

(1) Establishment of a Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, under the leadership of Sidney Hillman, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. There are 1,125,000 workers in the textile industry.

(2) Creation of a Petroleum Organizing Committee to unionize 1,000,000 workers in all branches of this industry.

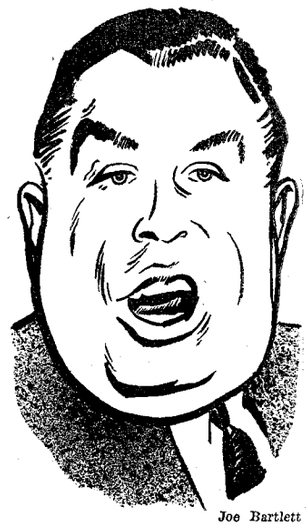
(3) Issuance of certificates of affiliation to local and national unions "where such action is deemed advisable" to answer the expulsion campaign initiated by the A.F. of L. executive.

(4) Decision to extend moral and financial aid to the organizing campaign of the marine and ship-building workers.

(5) Announcement of the formation of a committee to coöperate with the International Union of Mine, Mill, & Smelter Workers.

Speaking at an anti-Nazi meeting in New York's Madison Square Garden, Lewis told 20,000 cheering people that industrial democracy was the best safeguard against fascism in the United States. He called upon workers and farmers to "work together for the same democratic and economic objectives."

Recognizing the danger of anti-labor violence in these strike situations, and acting specifically in defense of the Fansteel strikers who were gassed and bombed out of their plant a week ago, a Conference for the Protection of Civil Rights, representing seventy-eight organizations with a membership of 1,000,000 in the Middle West, denounced the brutal offensive of company and state-controlled police and thugs and went on record as supporting labor's right to organize.



Joe Bartlett

Gov. Hoffman—Recommended finks

Strikebreaker Number One, W. Sherman Burns, compared a strikebreaker to a shyster physician in his testimony before the La-Follette Committee: spies, he declared, thrive on labor trouble "just like a doctor profits from sickness." He indicated the origin of such vicious offensives against labor as that carried on against the Fansteel strikers by revealing that the Burns Detective Agency grossed half a million dollars in 1935.

Also mentioned prominently before the La-Follette Committee was the name of Governor Harold Hoffman, of Lindbergh case fame—the Republican-Liberty League governor who recently threatened "bloodshed" against C.I.O. attempts to organize New Jersey workers. LaFollette read into the record a letter sent by Hoffman to the president of the Radio Corp. of America, in which the governor recommended the services of the Sherwood Detective Agency. This agency's finks were subsequently hired and, contrary to the federal law forbidding shipment of strikebreakers across state lines, forty-four were sent in from New York in a single day.

ONE of the chief loyalist fighting slogans, "Spain is not Ethiopia," appeared close to living reality as several divisions of Italian troops, concentrated on the Guadalajara front, north of Madrid, suffered severe reverses during an attempted offensive against the capital. The Italian invaders swept forward at the beginning of their drive and captured the important town of Trijueque. But reinforcements were speedily rushed forward by the loyalist command and a counter-attack was soon launched. So successful were the loyalists that observers described the Italian setback as close to a rout; Trijueque was recaptured by the government, and much arms, munitions, and supplies fell into the hands of the Madrid defenders. About ninety Italian officers and soldiers were captured. Special significance was attached to the extraordinarily effective offensive action of the loyalist planes, credited with a major role in the victory.

Italians previously captured by the loyalists told foreign correspondents that there were between 75,000 and 100,000 Italian "volunteers" on the Spanish front; all had volunteered for duty in Ethiopia, not Spain. They had sailed with complete war equipment from Italy and were fighting under Italian commanders. In view of these revelations, the Spanish government presented new protests both to the League of Nations and the British government, charging that both Italy and Germany were waging an undeclared war against Spain and that their plan called for an Italian occupation of Madrid while an Italo-German army attacked Barcelona and Valencia. Mussolini gave the diplomatic world further cause to speculate about Italian plans when he demonstratively traveled the length and breadth of Libya, Italy's African colony adjoining Great Britain's Egypt. The Duce visited the air bases along the 1100-mile macadamized road recently completed (the road links air bases, not towns) from Egypt to Tunisia. The journey was considered significant as a demonstration by Italian fascism that it could control the Eastern Mediterranean and as a threat to British influence in the Moslem world.

JAPAN'S new Foreign Minister, Naotake Sato, earned the uncontrolled guffaws of Diet members when he declared that even if China should reject Japanese demands, "we would accept it patiently." Sato's speech, most of it reflecting the same conciliatory viewpoint, was widely criticized in the Japanese press as out of harmony with established Japanese policy, and pressure from the army clique forced the minister to deliver a new address more in harmony with the extremists' program. Sato later qualified his remarks about patience with the assurance that Japan would *not* submit to injustice or insults. Although it was too early to get confirmation, reports stated that the Japanese-inspired invasion of Suiyuan province by way of Chahar province was in process of liquidation, with the withdrawal of the Japanese-led Mongol troops back into Manchukuo. Observers believed that the impending formation of an anti-Japanese front in China, embracing both the Chinese Communists and the Kuomintang, was chiefly responsible for the "conciliatory" speeches and actions recently taken by Tokyo. It was pointed out, however, that even Foreign Minister Sato had not included north China in the regions Japan considered outside its sphere of control, and that Tokyo was playing a waiting game until the situation appeared more favorable for further military aggression. The Philippines, always of maximum interest to Japan, contributed something of a surprise when its President Manuel L. Quezon, in an interview in Washington, declared that he sought complete independence for the islands before 1945. The Tydings-McDuffy bill gives our President veto power over Philippine laws till then.

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The Hatchet Gang Disagrees

The settlement in steel and the coming struggles don't exactly fit the "Emily Post" interpretation

By Adam Lapin

"MYRON, I want to meet that man." Steel Tycoon Myron C. Taylor looked across the lobby of the Washington, D. C., hotel in the direction indicated by his wife's discreet nod. His gaze fell upon a pair of barbed-wire eyebrows and a ruddy jowl. John L. Lewis! Tycoon Taylor purpled, demurred. When his wife insisted, however, he introduced himself and then the lady. Presently an animated conversation was in progress, a dinner invitation proffered and accepted, and a beautiful friendship in the bud. And that, my dears, is the story of how Big Steel came to sign a contract with the C.I.O.

Perhaps a slight qualification should be added. That is the story behind the steel settlement as told by Hearst's Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*—a variation on the Emily Post theory of labor history which says that there's no reason two nice boys like Myron Taylor and Jack Lewis shouldn't get along, even if Jack didn't go to dancing school, now that an "era of good feeling" between capital and labor has been ushered in.

There's some difference of opinion about this, however. To the boys in Weirton's Hatchet Gang, for example, it's so much holy guff. The boys are pig-headed about their opinions, too, which is no great surprise, since up until about six months ago they were the champion debating team for miles around. Organizers who tried to put over a convincing argument for unionism found themselves hopelessly outclassed by the brilliant lead-pipe polemics of the Hatchet Gang. The boys are kind of down in the dumps now, however, and it is only when they hear some such tale as the *Sun-Telegraph's* version of the "story behind the settlement" that they can find the heart to emit something like the old Hatchet Gang snarl. It seems the champion debating team of Weirton is badly handicapped by increasing infringement of the right to free speech of the $1.25-an-hour blackjack-and-Tommy-gun variety. The boys really haven't had a chance to get a word in edgewise for months.

And while I differ with them on almost every conceivable issue, I find I share the Hatchet Gang's skepticism about the soundness of the *Sun-Telegraph's* story. I've been up and down the Monongahela Valley while the C.I.O.'s Steel Workers' Organizing Committee has been pushing its drive, and I find it impossible to accept the Pittsburgh paper's *cherchez-la-femme* interpretation.

For example, I went with a Steel Workers' Organizing Committee flying squadron a couple of months ago into Weirton on a nasty, rainy, winter day. Weirton is one of the ugliest towns in the country in fair weather. It is uglier when it rains. The company owns everything, the unpaved streets, the desolate wooden houses, the schools. The company takes care of everything, education, religion, and sewage disposal in open pipes under the muddy streets. On every doorstep in Weirton, the flying squadron left *Steel Labor,* the official S.W.O.C. paper. It swept out of town, leaving behind it the keen memory of the men who weren't afraid of the company thugs, of the caravan of cars that represented the daring and enterprise of the steel drive.

The squadron left, but organizers remained to carry on the work. Kenneth Koch had his car wrecked several times, and eleven stitches sewed into his head to patch up the handiwork of the Hatchet Gang. Koch has lived all his life in Weirton, and worked in the mills there for twelve years; and he's still staying there, although the landlord is under orders to dispossess him.

Weirton is not yet one of America's garden spots; but at least the Hatchet Gang has been forced into temporary seclusion. Six of its members have been indicted for beating up Koch. And, most important of all, workers have been coming into the union.

Weirton is one of the worst towns. Elsewhere the change has been even more drastic.

A. Ajay

"What delightful caviar, Charles. I almost feel like a Bolshevik."

The Beaver Valley, the territory along the Ohio River just west of Pittsburgh, used to be known as "Siberia." On opposite sides of the river are two company towns; on one side Ambridge, named for the American Bridge Co., U.S. Steel subsidiary that owns it, and on the other side Aliquippa, Jones & Laughlin province. Typical of industrial democracy in these towns was the case of the active union member in Aliquippa, who was shipped to an insane asylum because the company didn't like him and knew the right people to arrange it. Today there is a flourishing labor movement in Beaver Valley, with more than twenty functioning lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers. Fear and terror are a thing of the past, and workers come into the union so fast that Joe Timko, the broad, red-faced mine veteran who heads the S.W.O.C. in the valley, has to send in to Pittsburgh for membership cards several times a week.

Only a few years ago, the Allegheny Valley was known as the Black Valley. One of the outstanding achievements of the coal and iron police there was the beating to death of Fanny Sellins.

When I interviewed Philip Murray, chairman of the S.W.O.C, a few days after the Carnegie-Illinois settlement, and asked what he thought was the main factor leading to the victory of the union after fifty years of open shop in the industry, he said that he thought it obvious that the success of the organizing campaign was responsible for the steel trust's reversal of policy. He considered the unified strength of the C.I.O. as the force behind the drive, giving it the needed resources and push.

He saw the industrial-union policy of the S.W.O.C. as giving the drive a potential power which could not have been supplied by organization into some twenty-odd craft unions; and the greater unity of Negro and white, of native-born and foreign-born workers as lending a cohesion and unity of purpose which had been lacking in the past. Closely related to the work of the steel drive itself, in Murray's opinion, was the success of the auto workers in Flint and Detroit. This, he felt, was an important psychological factor influencing the decision of the steel barons. The defeat of the steel masters illustrates how closely tied together politics and all of the geographically separate fronts of the class struggle have become.

The employers, defeated in the first major battle with the CI.O. forces in auto, decided to beat a strategic retreat. The great profits made by the steel mills, now operating at 86

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percent of the 1929 peak, and the resultant appetite of the workers to cash in were important in forcing concessions.

An essential part of this fabric of cause and effect was the political situation. The steel masters could not rely with customary confidence on complete coöperation and support from state and federal governments. Labor had contributed to the victory of President Roosevelt and could insist that he pay his political debts. The steel moguls, on the other hand, had contributed heavily to the Landon war chest and took a licking in the elections. The unionization drive itself had hastened the breakdown of air-tight company domination in the important steel towns. It is certain that the entire political climate in the country would have been a factor in causing the defeat of Big Steel in a real clash with labor.

Of course, the outcome of the signing of the union contract with Carnegie-Illinois was not easily predictable. But it was easy to see that in the event of a strike, the new steel union, approaching the show-down with the employers at approximately the same time as the older and well entrenched miners' union, would be in a powerful position. The steel masters saw this, too—and have retreated, at least for the time being.

Whatever other factors contributed to the sudden and dazzling triumph of the C.I.O. in steel, don't forget the men who did the spade work, who made victory possible. The slightly more than two hundred organizers who went out into the field and did the job, began seven months ago with a total membership in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers of less than ten thousand members. In many towns there was no union at all. There were few contacts. There was a tradition of pessimism and defeat, a feeling among workers that you couldn't beat the steel trust. At first it was difficult to hold meetings. Arrests and beatings-up were frequent.

Not everything was changed during the progress of the drive. Much remains to be done. Enough was accomplished to make all the difference in the world. Everywhere taboos of long standing were shattered. In Homestead, the first labor meeting in fifty years was conducted last July by the S.W.O.C. The permit has been framed in the S.W.O.C. office there. Everywhere the S.W.O.C. took advantage of comparatively liberal state and national administrations to buck company-controlled local officials. Fear was broken down. Workers began to feel that they could join the union and that nothing would happen to them.

The flying squadrons swept into Homestead, Weirton, Aliquippa, and other hot spots. The flying squadrons were a crew of miners, glass workers, and steel workers, dressed in lumber jackets, prepared for trouble, and drove in big, fast cars to wherever they were needed. The bulk of some of the squadrons was recruited from among the striking glass workers of Creighton.

With the coming of the steel drive, moreover, the entire labor movement here has been rejuvenated. Workers in new industries are being organized. New leaders are coming forward. An interesting development in the Allegheny Valley is the formation of a C.I.O. Assistance Council, which includes fraternal and civic groups as well as unions.

This is not an isolated phenomenon. The steel drive is bringing into the orbit of the labor movement professional and middle-class groups. The steel drive has made apparent for many who are not workers how significant is the role of the working class in defeating reaction and establishing civil liberties. It is the organized labor movement that has brought the bill of rights to the steel towns of America.

Developments since the signing of the pact with Carnegie-Illinois make it plain that the war is not over. The company decided to recognize the union in an effort to avoid a strike that would most likely have resulted in a labor victory. But it seems to have decided simultaneously to encourage its discredited company union to strike out on new paths in an effort to confuse the issues and split the workers.

The old-style company union is through for at least two good reasons. Confronted with a straight choice between a union and company outfit, ninety-nine workers out of a hundred will pick the union. Recognition gives them that choice. Second, the C.I.O. was too strong within the company union. It is estimated that some 50 percent, if not more, of the representatives have joined the union.

What is happening now is the desperate floundering around of a group of employee representatives who were described so ably by Phil Murray: "They do not represent the majority of the workers. They do not represent the majority of the representatives. They do not represent anybody." Financed by the company, supported by local newspapers which give them liberal publicity, it is their job to work out some way of diverting the workers from their natural desire to join the union; a desire which has already resulted in doubling and, sometimes, tripling the recruiting rate.

And, while they have been floundering, the company stooges found a natural ally in a chubby, pompous, red-faced little man in Coshcotan, O., who was assailing the C.I.O. victory in steel with almost as much venom as themselves. They invited that dynamic labor leader, William Green, to help them form their new company outfit. Green declined, but left the door open for future consultation in case they should at least nominally throw off the shackles of company control.

Then his dyspeptic, sour-faced lieutenant, John P. Frey, was asked to do the consulting and advising on behalf of his metal trades department of the A.F. of L. Frey accepted. He agreed to fight the C.I.O. in alliance with men whom steel has bought and paid for.

That the metamorphosis of union leader into company-union leader will widen the breach in the labor movement goes without saying. But it will not only widen the breach between C.I.O. and A.F. of L., but between the workers in the A.F. of L. and men in the executive offices of the Federation in Washington who have elected to lend their services to the steelmasters.

What the outcome of this fantastic alliance will be is not yet clear. What is clear is the fact that the workers want the C.I.O. Even those who have not yet joined the union have been sympathetic to it all along. They have been waiting on the sidelines, cheering, but not joining. Now they are joining as never before.

And not only steel workers. Phil Murray told me that workers from many trades are daily applying to S.W.O.C. headquarters for organization. The trend is nationwide. The victory in steel has spurred organization everywhere. It is as great a victory for those anxious to establish and maintain democracy and civil rights as a great victory at the polls or the passage of a distinguished piece of liberal legislation. Indeed, the victory is part of the fight for democracy, that essential part which guarantees men and women the right to join a union and live with some minimum of decency and security.

The victory belongs plainly to the C.I.O., to militant industrial unionism, which has shown itself to be the decisive factor in the progressive movement in the country. The sour statements of the executive council of the A.F. of L. will in no way be able to detract from the victory. If Green and Frey decide to become organizers of company unions, they will hasten their own destruction at the price of unity of the labor movement.

Absence of Conflict

Poet's excuse today
Is to have eyes to see and tongue to say
What isn't seen or said:
This is the time of the blind terrible
tread.
Poet can look behind
Expressionless face to cruel cunning
mind;
Feel the fierce grip
Of propertied fear behind the demagogue's lip.

This is the time when sin
Is in rejecting: living behind, not *in;*
Living alone, not with;
Living to take and forgetting how to
give.
In this strange place
Laurel is not for runner, but for race
And none know where they run.
Poet is he who loves the bright clean sun
But has contempt for glitter
Of gold reflecting wealth like a cracked
mirror.

Yes, he will truly hear
Who tunes out fools that prey on tired
ear,
And seeing not so far
The poverty, the madness and the war,
Will help to marshal millions beyond
hate
In poet's, worker's state.

SELDEN RODMAN.

★

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Fantastic, Is It Not?

The young ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia's smart set do some pioneering along the lines of defending democracy

By Tom Humphries

PHILADELPHIA's Younger Set has tossed a bombshell that will yet be heard around the world.

The setting for this surprising development was the gallery of the Quaker City's dust-and-tradition-laden Chestnut Street Opera House. Rumor has it that the angels on the ceiling dropped their harps when the shock occurred, flying to safety behind the painted clouds. The time was precisely three minutes before the first act of Tallulah Bankhead's *Reflected Glory*. More certain than rumor is it that La Bankhead fumed helplessly as the drama in the gallery stole the show. The dramatis personæ were the dozen and a half full-blooded members of the blue-blooded Pit & Peanut Society. Clad in all their tribal regalia —ermine coats, pearl necklaces, top hats, and monkey suits—they climbed up the stairs past the first and second balconies and, with unflinching revolutionary defiance of the unwritten law, took seats in the gallery!

For three long acts they reflected glory upon the galleryites. But let it not be charged that they conducted themselves in an undemocratic manner. They took the greatest pains to act like the common, ordinary rabble of office girls and sales clerks. They chattered among themselves in loud, obstreperous tones. They giggled at serious moments. During intermissions, they waited until the curtain had gone up before returning to their seats. They even ate peanuts. The fact that not a peanut shell was split by anyone else in the audience could not feaze them. Everyone knows that the people in the gallery eat peanuts. So the bags passed around with gay abandon, and merry was the sound of the peanut cracking, merry the hearts of the high-born crackers!

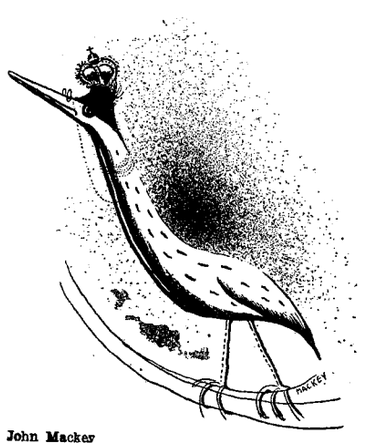
When the play was over, the fun really started. The experiment in democracy had only begun. Down to the street climbed the brave little group. With undaunted eye and heads unbowed they marched past the cameraman. At the pavement, they spurned the offers of cab drivers. Out of their minds were expelled the temptations of *bistro* and dance floor. Onward they swept and into the Automat!

Here occurred the noblest scene of all. A lesson in thrift was afforded the general public by Mr. Cornelius Vanderpiff Smythe-Yapple, III, who changed a twenty-dollar bill, then returned $19.85 to his pocket as he bought himself a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee. A lesson in abstinence was given by Miss Millicent Cointreau de Hennessy, who posed for photographers as she inserted a nickel in the slot and received a glass of milk. Said Millicent—fresh from the rest cure at Baden-Baden—"A little milk now and then will hurt nobody."

After the meal, a few members of Pit & Peanut quavered and wavered, wanting to phone home and have Squiggins bring the car over. But an outraged majority shamed them into compliance with the rules of the Society. They returned to their homes by street-car and bus. The sole deviation was on the part of two over-enthusiastic members, the irrepressible Mr. Clarence ("Butch") Worthington and the irreproachable Miss Prudence ("Hotcha") Higginson. They decided to do the thing right or nothing at all. So they rolled out the most ancient car they could find in the Worthington garage—the old '34 model Rolls—and made the rounds of every Automat and cafeteria in the city. . . .

The telephone lines are still humming with the furor aroused among scandalized dowagers on the Main Line estates. With the exception of Mrs. Aurora Smythe-Yapple, II, who refused to reprimand her son, maintaining that "Cornelius has the right to see the world before he settles down" (she had once studied painting in Paris), the parents of the Pit & Peanutters presented a solid front against the younger generation. The strongest (and largest) front was presented by Mr. Wilkinson Worthington, Esq., who disinherited his son "Butch" for the third time in two months. The weakest was that of Mrs. Wanda Van Vanders, who sailed for Europe to escape the shame.

What, demanded popular opinion, was the world coming to? The very pillars of society seemed already toppling upon their heads. If the Younger Set could get away with this, what might they not try next? They might go so far as to fraternize with the galleryites. They might attend the theater in ordinary clothes. They might make a habit of streetcars and busses. They might even go to work.



John Mackey

There were many opinions as to what should be done about it. But the formation of a definite program of action was impeded by the difficulty of securing a widely acceptable diagnosis. No two members of Philadelphia's Four Hundred could agree completely upon the basic cause of this cancer upon the body of Society. In general, however, there were three schools of opinion.

According to the first school, the Pit & Peanut affair was nothing but a temporary excursion into the realm of surrealism. It could be attributed, doubtless, to the influence of the recent Surrealist art exhibit at the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, where many men appeared with spit curls and bangs, black morning suits, and red-silk scarfs, where ladies sported orchid-colored hair, green lipstick, and black nail polish. True, this latest excursion transcended the bounds of decency. But if the matter were just ignored, the fad would pass away and something less dangerous would take its place.

The second body of opinion maintained that although the methods of the recreants were lamentable, their motives were philanthropic. In their own impulsive way, the youngsters had decided to give the lower classes an object lesson in how to dress and how to conduct oneself, thereby improving their sense of good taste and enriching their lives. The best remedy would be to divert this commendable enthusiasm into healthier channels by having them arrange another dance for the benefit of the missionaries in China.

According to the last school, the Pit & Peanut expedition was an attempt to correct an unfortunate impression which seemed to prevail in Philadelphia after the hundred-thousand-dollar Widener Ball at the beginning of the year. At the very time of the ball, by some grotesque coincidence, a number of houses in the Negro slum area collapsed and a few people were killed. Malcontents who were chagrined at not being invited to the ball circulated the idea that such a grandiose display of wealth had no place in a democracy, and that the money could have been put to better use building new houses in the slum districts. Which, of course, was obviously absurd—for in that case who would have paid for the music and champagne? But with all the folly of youth the Younger Set had condescended to reply to that argument. Through Pit & Peanut, they would demonstrate their belief in equality. They would vindicate democracy.

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Trotsky in Coyoacan

Mexico's reception of the chief of the Fourth International shows some interesting currents

By Joseph Freeman

LEON TROTSKY packed his bags in Oslo early in January and issued statements to the press that he was afraid to go to Mexico. Stalin's agents would kill him there. A week later, blood was shed in the streets of Mexico City in connection with Trotsky's expected arrival. On January 12, while Trotsky was still on the high seas, the Communist Party of the Federal District called a demonstration in the Plaza de Santo Domingo. Thousands of workers gathered late in the afternoon, and listened to orators who attacked the intervention of Germany and Italy in the Spanish civil war, and criticized the Mexican government for permitting Trotsky to use Mexican territory as a base against the Soviet Union and the People's Front. Suddenly, twenty-five police motorcycles appeared in the Plaza, headed by the reactionary Colonel Arturo Veytia and the equally reactionary Captain Arnulfo Hernandez, adjutant to the arch-reactionary General Cedillo. The motorcycles rode full speed into the crowd, knocking people down, running over them. Policemen appeared on every side with drawn pistols, clubs, and bayonets; they started to beat and stab men, women, and children indiscriminately. Many workers were seriously wounded, among them Vicente Garcia, Romualdo Contreras Flores, María del Carmen Garcia, and Rafael Lima. Other workers were arrested. Subsequently, it was ascertained that direct orders for this assault upon the workers' demonstration were issued by Mexico City's reactionary police chief, General Vicente Gonzales.

Shortly afterward, Leon Trotsky landed in Tampico. No workers came to the dock, either to hail or condemn him. He was greeted by various military men of the Tampico garrison, and was embraced by Eduardo Martinez, mayor of the town and one of its outstanding reactionaries. Escorted by a heavy guard of secret police, Trotsky proceeded to the Hotel Imperial; the next day, again guarded by soldiers and detectives, he went to Diego Rivera's house in Coyoacan, a charming suburb about half an hour's drive from the capital.

AMONG government officials, intellectuals, and labor leaders whom I met in Mexico, there was some speculation as to why President Cárdenas admitted Trotsky in the face of organized labor's protests. The official explanation that the sole factor involved was the right of asylum was dismissed as a formality. In expelling General Calles and Gold Shirt Rodriguez, the Mexican government has clearly indicated that it makes certain distinctions in regard to political exile. Then again, why did Mexico refuse the right of asylum to the wife of Luis Carlos Prestes, idol of the Brazilian people? Why did not Mexico offer a haven of refuge to Elise Ewert, allowing her to be deported by the Brazilian dictatorship to a German concentration camp?

Marty

Leon Trotsky

THREE theories were advanced to explain the action of President Cárdenas in regard to Trotsky:

(1) The Latin-American dictators have been trying to obtain a pact by which each country south of the Rio Grande would be obliged to return political refugees on request of the government concerned. Mexico, the only progressive republic in the whole of Latin America, has been the refuge of exiles from Cuba, Venezuela, Peru, etc. President Cárdenas, himself progressive, was against the proposed pact, arguing the right of asylum. During the discussions, Norway was about to expel Trotsky. Thereupon Diego Rivera came to Cárdenas and said, "If you believe in the right of asylum, how about it?"

(2) Various liberals in New York have been trying for the past two years to have our State Department admit Trotsky to the United States. The Roosevelt administration had enough trouble on its hands without this, therefore said to the Mexican government: We have diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R., but you have none. Why don't you take Trotsky in?

(3) The Cárdenas regime is progressive, but by no means Communist. Yet reactionary papers in the United States, often under the influence of Calles, insist on depicting Mexico as a "Red" republic, practically an affiliate of the Soviet Union. In order to have a freer hand for carrying out his democratic and agrarian reforms, Cárdenas is anxious to offset such attacks, by steering clear of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and showing his independence by admitting Trotsky.

ON arriving at Coyoacan, Trotsky received a group of bourgeois journalists. They asked him about his differences with Stalin and his relations with the Gestapo. Trotsky poured out a violent attack on Stalin and the Soviet Union, remained silent about Hitler and Mussolini. At first, Trotsky was also silent about Spain; he told reporters he was not sufficiently informed about the situation. Within a day or two, he somehow managed to fill this gap in his knowledge. In a statement blazoned on the front page of every reactionary paper in Mexico, he attacked the Spanish People's Front.

The Mexican people feel strongly about Spain; the government continues to aid the People's Front in Madrid with every possible means, and, as distinguished from the United States, news from Spain overshadowed news of the second Moscow trial. Trade unions have been loading ships with supplies for Spain without pay as their contribution to the fight against fascism. Trotsky's assault on the Spanish People's Front definitely alienated liberal and labor opinion.

If Trotsky expected part of the Mexican intelligentsia would rally to him, he must have been grievously disappointed. The trial in Moscow coincided with the National Congress of Writers and Artists which met in the Palacio de Bellas Artes the week of January 17. Every artist and writer of note, with the exception of Diego Rivera, was present at that congress; the delegates read the full accounts of the trial which appeared in the press of the capital; they read every word of Trotsky's lengthy diatribes which appeared in *Excelsior* and *Universal* day in, day out. These delegates represented every shade of opinion opposed to fascism and imperialism; the overwhelming majority of them were not Communists. When Hernan Laborde, secretary of the Communist Party, rose to address the congress, he was greeted by almost the entire audience with cries of, "Down with Trotsky! Viva Stalin!"

The attitude of other Mexican intellectuals

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was equally clear. During the week of February 6, almost 1000 teachers from every part of the republic met to organize a unified syndicate of school workers. Again, Communists were in the minority; the delegates overwhelmingly represented the teaching profession of Mexico. This congress adopted a resolution urging the government to expel Trotsky on the grounds that he was splitting the ranks of labor and fighting against the People's Front.

A similar position was taken by the intellectuals of the trade-union movement. It happens that Vicente Lombardo Toledano, head of the Confederation of Mexican Workers, corresponding to our A. F. of L., is also a leading writer and teacher, head of the Workers' University; guiding spirit of *Futuro,* a monthly political journal, and *U.O.,* a Marxist periodical devoted to theory. His immediate adjutants in trade-union work, in the university, and on the publications are the twenty-eight-year-old Alejandro Carillo, the thirty-six-year-old Victor Manuel Villasenor, and Supreme Court Justice Xavier Icasa. This group, as indicated by Lombardo Toledano's recent article in the NEW MASSES, was opposed to Trotsky's admission into Mexico on the grounds that his policy and tactics are designed to split the labor movement.

From a talk with Lombardo Toledano, I learned that outside of a very small group of building-trade workers in the capital, controlled by Diego Rivera "through money," Trotsky had no support whatever among the trade unions.

"Our workers," Toledano explained, "look upon Trotsky as a man who tried to rule Russia, failed, and therefore became a reactionary, a kind of Russian Vasconcelos, one might say."

SUCH support as Trotsky has in Mexico comes first from the handful of partisans of the Fourth International gathered around Diego Rivera. This is small political comfort. Mexico considers Rivera politically bankrupt. Rivera's group, for example, has developed the art of calumny to the point where it accused the Communist Party of Mexico of coining false money in order to obtain funds. Again, in 1932, at the height of the reaction under the Calles-Rodriguez regime, the Communist Party was illegal, but the Trotskyites did not hesitate to publish denunciations revealing the secret meeting places of the party. Again, on November 20 of last year, the trade unions affiliated with the Mexican Workers' Confederation (C.T.M.) staged a big united-front demonstration in the capital. The Trotskyites tried to disrupt this demonstration, shouting insults at Lombardo Toledano, the Communist Party, the People's Front, and President Cárdenas. Since Cárdenas granted Trotsky asylum, however, the Trotskyites have abandoned their attacks on the president. Again, on January 16, all progressive youth organizations in Mexico joined to form the Unified Socialist Youth. The Trotskyites alone refused to participate in this united front against the reactionaries and imperialism.

No one was surprised to see Rivera and his handful of followers rush to Trotsky's defense, but some liberals must have been surprised at the alacrity with which Trotsky accepted the public support of the most odious reactionaries in Mexico. From the moment the leader of the Fourth International was expected in Mexico, he was applauded and aided by the catholic and fascist press. The most reactionary newspapers of the republic, from *Excelsior* down, opened their columns to Trotsky and supported him editorially. Ruben Salazar Mallen, embittered fascist journalist, declared in *Universal* on December 10 that "Trotsky represents the tradition of Marx and Lenin; he is the last Leninist and last Marxist." Lawyer Rafael Zubaran Capmany, who served the generals of the reactionary de la Huerta uprising, wrote in *Universal* of December 16: "Let us welcome among us the most brilliant of the revolutionary leaders; let him be welcome to be the prophet of the new gospel." The same lofty tone was adopted by the Confederation of the Middle Class, out-and-out fascist organization, supporter of Calles and legal front for the now illegal Gold Shirts. This confederation issued a statement in favor of Trotsky. So did the leaders of the bankrupt Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers (C.R.O.M.), the last followers of Morones and Calles. Their manifesto welcomed Trotsky to Mexico and lauded him to the skies as "a sincere Communist."

ON FEBRUARY 14, Trotsky spent a brief vacation at Cuernavaca with Juan Dios Bojorquez, bootlicker of Calles and tool of Mexican Reaction. An even more striking alliance with Mexican Reaction came when Luis Cabrera published a letter in the newspapers attacking the Moscow trials and defending Trotsky. Cabrera was minister of finance in the Carranza cabinet. He gained a reputation then as a revolutionary by such demagogic phrases as "the revolution is the revolution" and "we must get the money wherever it is." He also drafted the law of January 6, 1915, which is the basis of the present agrarian reforms. But shortly after that law was drafted, it became obvious that the Carranza-Cabrera crowd was not interested in land reform, but rather in destroying Zapata by robbing him of his slogan "land and liberty." The proof came when the Carranza-Cabrera government instigated the murder of Zapata.

Woodcut by Morado

Today Zapata is revered as the fighting saint of the Mexican revolution; Cabrera is universally reviled as one of those responsible for his assassination. At present he is a millionaire lawyer for the big *henequin* growers of Yucatan, the *hacendados* of La Laguna, and the foreign oil companies.

LUIS CABRERA, who has been under attack by organized labor for some time because of his anti-labor, anti-revolutionary stand, published an article in *Universal* on January 25 entitled "Bloody Carnival." Cabrera is not without cynicism. "I who am said to be a traitor to the Mexican revolution," he declared, "raise my voice in defense of Trotsky." That voice was raised in the name of justice and humanity. Trotsky, according to Luis Cabrera, "is not a Communist for us nor an enemy of Stalin's, but a man who has the right to live."

These sentiments were analyzed editorially by *Futuro,* organ of the C.T.M., representing Mexico's 500,000 trade-union workers. On what other occasion, *Futuro* asked, did Lawyer Cabrera publicly protest against acts which violated the norms of justice and humanity whose defender he claims to be? Did he protest against the murder of Zapata? Did he protest against the assassination of thousands of liberals, Communists, Socialists, and pacifists in the fascist dungeons of Germany and Italy? Who heard him condemn the rape of Ethiopia or the fascist assault upon the people of Spain? But perhaps Lawyer Cabrera's "liberal" conscience is so juridical that it cannot stir unless a court trial is involved. In that case, why didn't he protest when the Nazis tried Dimitrov at Leipzig? Who heard his protests against the flagrant violations of justice in Gallup and Scottsboro? When did he utter a word in favor of Mooney? Obviously, *Futuro* concluded, "it was necessary for a trial to take place in *Moscow,* a trial in which the accused had every means for defending themselves, a trial at which correspondents from every part of the world were present and testified that the accused suffered no coercion, before the conscience of Luis Cabrera could awaken to launch calumnies against the Soviet Union in the name of civilization, justice, and the Mexican people."

Machete, organ of the Communist Party, asked additional questions. If Cabrera is so concerned about justice and human rights, if he believes so strongly that a man has the right to live, why did he never protest against the murder of the Mexican peasant leaders Lucio Blanco and José Guadelupe Rodriguez? On January 19 of this year, white guards on the hacienda of Temozon in Yucatan murdered

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the agrarians Alberto Sosa and Ignacio Mena because they agitated that land be given to the peasants. Where was Cabrera's sense of justice then? On January 20, nine agrarians were killed and two women severely wounded by white guards on the Los Dulces Nombres ranch in the town of San Luis de la Paz in the state of Guanajuato. Where was Trotsky's defender then? Why does he maintain silence about the fact that during 1935 and 1936 the land-owners of Vera Cruz murdered more than 2000 peasants? What has happened to his conscience, his humanity, and his sense of justice in these instances?

Cabrera's attack on the Soviet Union and his defense of Trotsky evoked the indignation and scorn of the entire labor movement in Mexico and of the liberals. From Coyoacan, however, Trotsky himself sent a reply to Cabrera which appeared in the newspaper on January 27. Trotsky described Cabrera's "Bloody Carnival" as an "excellent article," thanked him for his support, and added: "All who raise their voice in protest will be inscribed as fighters for the most elementary justice. And you belong to these. Permit me to send you my most sincere salutations."

Indeed, *Machete* commented, in Trotsky's case the client is worthy of his advocate. "Why should not the man whose hands are stained with the blood of Kirov salute the man whose hands are stained with the blood of Zapata?"

As was to be expected, the fascist newspapers were delighted with the statements which Trotsky issued daily to the press. *Omega,* fascist weekly, carried a streamer on its front page in the February 8 issue saying: "THE HORROR OF COMMUNISM." Other headlines on that page read: (1) "A Most Interesting Interview with the Spanish Rebel Chief, General Francisco Franco"; (2) "The Doctrine of Fascism, by Benito Mussolini"; (3) "A Beautiful Example of Liberalism in the Reception of a Papal Delegate" (opening with an attack on "radical Jewry"); and (4) "TROTSKY'S ARTICLES CONFIRM OMEGA'S OPINION OF COMMUNISM."

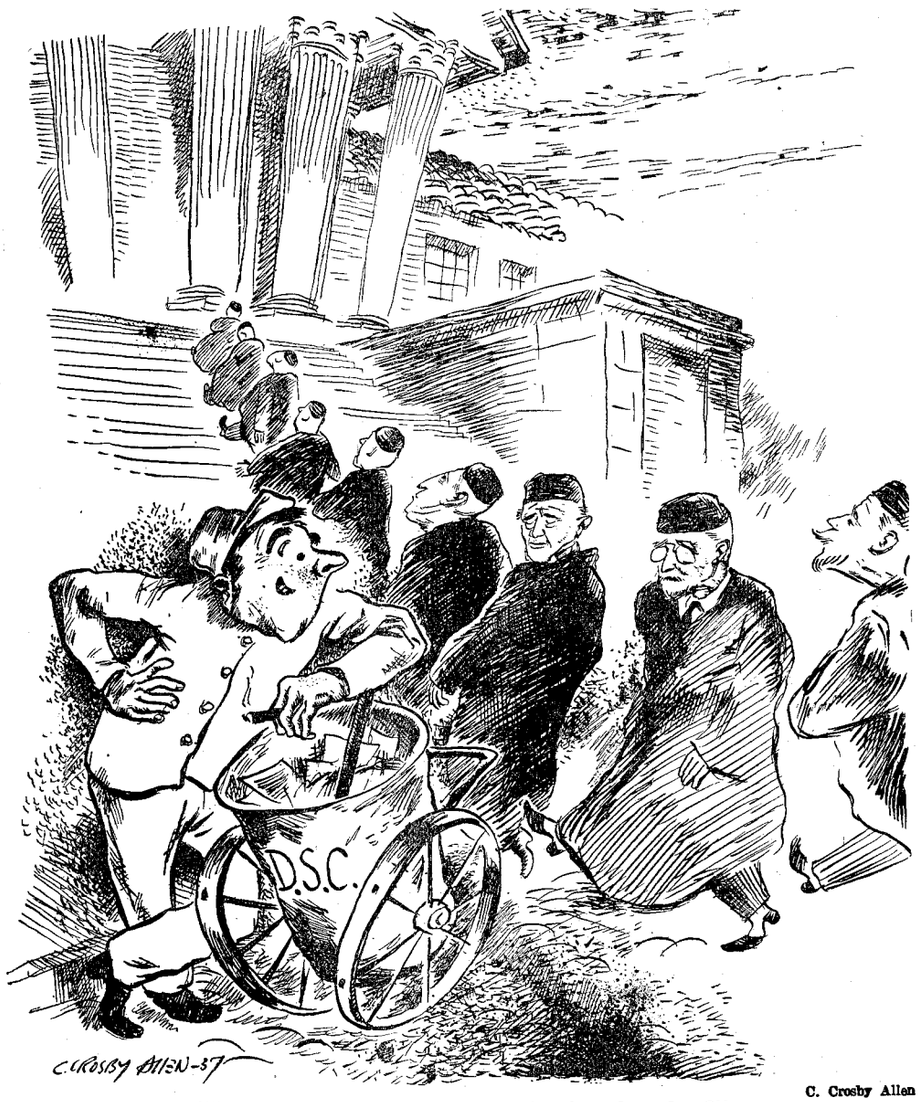
LIBERAL OPINION, however, drew different conclusions from the situation. Trotsky, liberals pointed out, had full right of asylum in Mexico. He was guarded day and night by a heavy cordon of police. No attempt has been made by anybody to do him bodily ha[illegible] alleged danger to which Trotsky's statements constantly referred. He had gone to Cuernavaca and to the telephone building unmolested. Moreover, the bourgeois and Social-Democratic press of the world was open to him. He had every opportunity to state his case, to reveal his alleged evidence, to produce his documents. If he had actual proof of the innocence of the men on trial in Moscow, he was morally bound to save their lives by publishing that proof in the press. But, the liberals argued, if Trotsky feels that nothing short of an impartial commission of inquiry will do, Mexico ought to furnish that.

The Socialist Front of Lawyers, not a Communist but a liberal organization, therefore appointed a commission of three leading Mexican jurists. These were Enrique Perez Arce, magistrate of the Superior Court in the Federal District; Francisco Gonzales de la Vega, also a magistrate; and Juan José Gonzales, a well-known judge and one of the most respected lawyers in Mexico. This commission offered to go over any evidence Trotsky cared to submit and to render an opinion. Whatever that opinion might be, Trotsky could always present the evidence and his views in the press of the world.

This offer, Diego Rivera, on Trotsky's behalf, rejected with a statement in the press on February 22 attacking the Socialist Front of Lawyers. The group, Rivera said, did not represent Mexican public opinion and was under the influence of the Stalinites. The lawyers' organization replied that everyone in Mexico knew they were not Communists, that their offer was a genuine attempt to establish a commission of inquiry, and that obviously Trotsky wanted not an impartial investigation but a whitewash.

From Lombardo Toledano and other outstanding labor leaders, from leading journalists, politicians, and intellectuals, I tried to ascertain why Trotsky's anti-Soviet campaign had so little effect in Mexico despite his presence there. The most common explanation was as follows:

"We Mexicans have had twenty-seven years of experience in revolution. We do not find it incredible that former revolutionaries should betray their cause. The former revolutionary Calles is today a fascist in exile, working against the people of Mexico. The former revolutionary Vasconcelos is today a bitter opponent of Cárdenas and a passionate supporter of Franco. The former revolutionary Cabrera is today the legal and political advocate of the most reactionary land-owners in Mexico and of the foreign companies which exploit us. We have seen that such things are possible in our own country. Why, then, impossible in Russia? As long as the defendants confess their betrayal, we see no reason for doubting it. Trotsky's statements have been chiefly violent attacks on his own country and on the cause with which he was once identified. We have our own generals for whom the revolution became 'bankrupt' the moment it went beyond them."



C. Crosby Allen

"Well, boys, what's unconstitutional today?"

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What We May Demand

Our expectations for a greater literature require us to make a reexamination of its traditional functions

By Harold Rosenberg

REVOLUTIONARY literary criticism, while opposing the continued life of the old attitudes and making its demands for the new, must constantly guard against a tendency to construct a literary trapdoor in the center of society into which all "non-revolutionary" works can be dropped as fast as they appear. It is only by stressing, deepening, and illuminating the qualities of important non-revolutionary works that we can hasten the end of their reign over the imagination.

If radical criticism sets up a new alternative for literature, it must be an alternative which the past is fully capable of accepting. Once an abstraction is made of revolutionary ideas about literature, once the literary demands of the social revolution are detached from the laws of motion which determine the actual development of literature itself, once revolutionary demands, instead of indicating a concrete direction for literary effort, take the form of a moral appeal (even though it be an appeal accompanied by threats), then the apparently Marxist method will have produced a perverted kind of idealism impotent to destroy anything but the prestige of Marxist analysis.

To many people, the mere use of such an expression as "making demands upon literature" seems an absurdity. Literature, they prefer to believe, has certain processes and procedures exclusively its own, decides all matters in accordance with its own æsthetic laws, has its own tradition and tempo of development. Hence, it is assumed that literature will react unhealthily to any attempt to impose new values upon it from the outside.

The fact is, however, that a major dynamic principle of literature since the war, and even earlier, has been the conviction existing in the minds of the creators of modern poetry, novels, plays, etc., that literature, as it approached us out of the past, came somehow to be in a bad way, and that it ought now to be transferred into something radically new.

Specific notions as to what this new literature ought to be and what it ought to do have often been set out in ultimatums or manifestoes —and these manifestoes have had an important part in modern writing.

So that the formal making of demands upon literature, while it may seem at first glance to originate from an abstract, scholastic, or moralistic approach to literary problems, has become, actually, a regular function of criticism and creative æsthetics.

Today, in spite of the heroic experiments which have revived it from time to time, literature is still in a bad way, and is perhaps in a worse state of decline than before. I mean that literature, as a medium, has, during the past few years, proven incapable of confronting the situation in which it finds itself and of becoming the reflection of the general self-consciousness of society. Needless to say, this is not due merely to a failure to adopt a correct political line for novels and poems. It is rather that literature, and particularly American literature, has failed, even in terms of its own past development, to make itself responsive to basic problems—in the sense, let us say, that in the early 1920s the works of Gide, Mann, Pirandello, Eliot, and several others were responsive to the psychological, moral, and philosophical problems then dominating the spirits of the rulers of society. Here in America, the division of labor characteristic of the capitalist mode of production has taken its greatest toll from culture; literature has oscillated between quickly formulated ideal solutions and an even readier yielding to the opportunities of the market. Coupled with this, there exists, as a sort of unexpressed assumption, the notion that persistent intellectual effort and fine art have nothing to do with each other; are, in fact, opposed; that it is impossible for a writer to examine deeply a problem agitating society or even himself without losing thereby his "creative spontaneity."

WITH this ideology of irresponsibility as the subjective motive-power of literary production, authors make statements and confess to feelings and devotions in their novels and poems they would be ashamed to admit to on the street. And this stuff is supposed to be more interesting and more "profound" than general ideas and informed perceptions. It is as if an idea, a deed, or a point of view received a mystical justification for the worst social qualities by the mere fact that it has made its intrusion into the world in the form of a novel or a poem.

At times, this libertinism of the "creative" reaches proportions that would be scandalous, if anyone were in a fit frame of mind to be scandalized by an intellectual art. I will cite one example: a few years ago, Edmund Wilson, author of *Axel's Castle,* which was one of the first critical works in America to show an awareness of the real issues of modern criticism, wrote a novel called *I Thought of Daisy*. It was a novel of studio parties, metaphysical discussions, psychology, bedrooms—the usual Greenwich Village state of affairs. But all this was conducted with such a height of solemnity, with such meditations and *Weltanschauungen,* that as I read, remembering who its author was, I expected that at any moment he would either cause it to stand suddenly on its head and stick out its tongue, or that a satirical distortion would be gradually materialized in order to mock the sham life he was depicting. Nothing of the kind took place. All the disguises remained intact, while the distinguished author, completely absorbed, puzzled over them in a deep mood of head-shaking and melancholy.

Why did Edmund Wilson, the critical analyst of values, permit himself to sign as an endorser and be dragged into the petty swindle by which Edmund Wilson the novelist had been victimized? A case of split personality? More likely the author believed, implicitly, that life as he had spontaneously and uncritically experienced it was something holier than values, that a novel is the poetry of a record and not the poetry of judgments, that what he had heard and what he had thought and what had happened to him in the past was valuable evidence and a symbol of some kind, and should not be "distorted" by his developing consciousness and his sense of purpose.

It is almost with amazement that we learn that a certain poet or a certain novelist has a clear idea about what is taking place in the world, or in science, or even in art and literature. That is to be left to the critics—the artist is not to soil his hands. It is only in literature that the middle-class concept of the foggy-brained genius who emits masterpieces without knowing what he is doing still influences the practitioners themselves. In politics, in sociology, in mathematics, even in metaphysics, an author is expected to be transparently clear in his judgment of all the developments of his medium. But literature has become a form of religion in more ways than one.

We might go so far as to reflect upon a natural history of the migration of ignorance and mystery-thinking from one field of human thought to another. In the middle ages, mystification and indifference to basic assumptions dwelt for centuries within what is now the area of our natural sciences. And today, the faith-healing formulæ and philosopher's-stones warm themselves in what is known as literature. Any kind of conclusion that would be turned out of doors by experimental psychology, politics, philosophy, or even organized religion, is sure of a home in poetry and "imaginative" writing.

IT IS THE TASK of Marxists to drive superstition and irresponsibility out of literature before they attempt to drive politics into it. And by superstition and irresponsibility, not as an

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unavoidable reflection of social forces but as an accepted literary bias, I mean precisely the dominance of ideas and values, and particularly that snobbery of the "creative" which pretends to be superior to ideas and values, which find their source in such literary leaders as Hemingway, Stein, Sinclair Lewis, and the whole gang of literary "personalities" of the last decade—an attitude which is by no means as ingenuous and "direct" as it would like to appear, but which proudly and unanimously affirms points of view which no intellectual, no literate individual, has the right to accept uncritically once the *Communist Manifesto* has been called to his attention.

Does this require that these people and their followers and admirers must agree with the conclusions and the point of view of the *Communist Manifesto?* Not if they can find some means of openly grappling with the issues raised in it. Dostoevski, for instance, thought he had found a way of refuting the *Communist Manifesto* and the implications of nineteenth century science. We should agree that Dostoevski's theoretical substitutes for revolution were inadequate and misguided, and that the value of his work does not rest upon his social conclusions. But Dostoevski, in battling for his own conception, was not irresponsible. Primarily, he had a sure sense of what was important enough for humanity's consideration in a work of art. He was not afraid to note in his diary: "My work must show that I mean what I say, and that it is important that I say it." He accepted the fate and the dilemma of humanity as his own fate and his own dilemma. It was for this reason that he found himself involved in the deepest way with humanity's multiple, varied, and mostly inadequate attempts to discover a solution. He was opposed to revolutionary ideas; but he knew that life would either stand or fall by them. . . . When Sinclair Lewis talks about the *Communist Manifesto,* it is as if he were expressing himself about a second-grade brand of beer—a question of taste! To regard the *Communist Manifesto* from the point of view of taste is much worse than being in disagreement with its findings and its message. Much worse from the point of view of taste. It is philistinism hidden in an æsthetic cloak. To judge with a personal æsthetics a document which has become a part of the very dynamics of human society, means bad taste, in a strictly æsthetic sense.

You may respond: modern American authors deal directly with life. They describe what they see; they have freed themselves from the bookishness of earlier American writing. You are again requiring a novelist or a poet to be a philosopher or a politician or a moralist. This is exactly the untenable position of the literary leftist, regardless of the form your argument takes.

It so happens that the freedom from bookishness has itself already become bookish. And not only bookish but bookstore-ish. A revolutionizing wave did pass over American literature some twenty years ago, and it took the form of an "immediate" and "natural" formulation of experience. No one denies the historical value of this repudiation of the moralistic generalizations and empty idealisms of the preceding decades. But the gains thus made can only be kept intact by a new wave. It is therefore no longer revolutionary but reactionary in literature to set up as against generality and meaning the concepts of directness and naturalness.

IT IS RARELY, if ever, of course, that an artist achieves his work from a fully thought-out and systematic point of view. The coherence attained even by the masters of literature is a resultant coherence shaped in the making, rather than the rational completion of a purposeful plan. Yet every artist possesses a complex of devices, aims, and general concepts which operates as an instrument of self-illumination and as a light focussed upon the world; and into the enlargement and perfection of this equipment he adapts thoughts and methodologies acquired from other minds. This equipment enters into and becomes identical with his emotions and his style. The concept of the artistic imitation of life always implies the concepts of the imitator and of some previous formulation of the thing imitated. Life is filled with judgments and the effort to make judgments. Life, in which some things are possible, others necessary, and others merely probable, is theoretical through and through. Hence, we may conclude that the idea of dealing "directly" with life was, in its time, a slogan, none too accurately formulated, but sufficient to describe a trend. As a general definition of the function of literature, it is, however, much too ambiguous to permit of any real distinctions. I am afraid that those who raise it today are defending a concept of life limited to local color, the platitudes of common speech, the creative sentiments of the author, in short, anything that can be seized upon by the most superficial means. What "directly" has actually come to stand for is—not subject to criticism!

R. Gikow

As the intelligence of social change, Marxism can revolutionize literature by recasting and superseding with an objective image of the world in which the whole of humanity wrestles for survival the judgments which modern authors have formed from the more primitive materials of purely personal experience. The Marxian insights into the major currents and backgrounds of our times have opened a new perspective within the history of the human imagination, in relation to which must appear, eventually, a new type of æsthetic sensibility—not a "Marxian" sensibility, of course, but a human sensibility in the formation of which the existence of Marxian formulations of real events plays a major rôle. This goes without saying—it is impossible that humanity should be clarified about its situation without its mental habits being altered.

A literature produced out of such a sensibility would effect certain distortions in the present conventions of vision. Events and values which stand out in relief for us would tend to diminish into the background; others, today more hidden and mysterious, would slowly limn themselves in the consciousness and assume colossal importance. For is not this "distortion" precisely what constitutes the monstrousness of the Marxist political and social mind in the eye of the middle class—this damnable penchant of Marxism for "overemphasizing the economic factor," for "dogmatism with respect to the irreconcilability of classes," etc? Yes, Marxism is truly a distortion with respect to the responses and judgments of the past, because in relation to the actual life with which it deals, its effects are nothing less than "an unmasking of reality."

It has been said that political thinking is "narrow" in comparison with the "total" view of literature. This cannot be true if the broadness of literature proves to consist of the spaciousness of a void or of the multiplicity of a dumping ground. If a work of literature can behold political movements within a broader scheme of human values, its superiority to any political analysis as an act of intelligence will be indisputable. But the least we may demand from literature is that it equal the major political and historical writings of our time in the consciousness of its own subject matter. Only thus can it probe that wound of humanity which the act of thinking and of political combination is part of the effort to cure.

THERE IS NO other alternative for literature —if novels, poems, and plays continue to consist of compilations of data, distorted by the personal moods and ideological prejudices of the author, if they continue to be indifferent to, or out of poise with, the broad acts and commitments of mankind, then, as writing, they must fall behind the political and historical writings which do undertake these tasks, and must even yield to news reports of day to day events in the interest of all serious people. A literary work does not compete merely with other literary works—literature itself competes with other mediums. Putting aside the fetishism with which the mediums of fiction and poetry are still received in some quarters, no poem or novel of the past few years can equal as a literary expression of modern human consciousness the *Communist Manifesto* or Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire.* I say this, keeping in mind the fact that, in the past, humanity has made a major thing of its literature only during those epochs when it was the container of its knowledge and self-consciousness, and keeping in mind also Aristotle's preference for the art of poetry over history because, in his time, poetry was more "universal" and more "philosophical" than history through its devotion to the laws of possibility and necessity.

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READERS' FORUM

The editor of the "Printing Worker" on John Steinbeck's novel—Some comments on left-wing propaganda

● In your March 16 issue appeared a review of John Steinbeck's new book, *Of Mice and Men,* a review that in tone and attitude was completely out of place in such a magazine as the NEW MASSES.

Following the simple formula of opposition to Harry Hansen, your reviewer dismissed this book as "insidious innocence." Now as a rule-of-thumb guide it is generally pretty safe to copper Mr. Hansen's bets, and smart money can be made that way, but you have to allow for exceptions. Mr. Hansen said that this was the finest prose writing of this decade, and surprisingly enough it *is* the finest prose of this decade. Mr. Hansen didn't say anything about the revolutionary implications of this working-class study, because Mr. Hansen wouldn't know about that, but that doesn't prove they aren't there. Mr. Hansen can make mistakes too, and you have to be on your guard.

Are we going to take the remarkable attitude that if a man writes well, so well as to draw praise for his craftsmanship from the popular reviewers, he can't be One of Ours? As I see it, the function of literary criticism is to inform the prospective reader. This book is on the way to being a best seller; it will be read by thousands who will discover simultaneously that it is a very good book indeed and that the NEW MASSES doesn't approve of it. Naturally, they will be somewhat bewildered.

With all the prattling about proletarian literature, it appears that your reviewer wouldn't recognize a piece of proletarian literature if it hit him in the eye, which is exactly what Steinbeck's book does. What do we want in proletarian literature? Wish-fulfillment? Noble sons of toil with simple, flawless reactions to their economic problems? Barricades in California? Let's not play that way any more.

It seems to me that a book that presents real working stiffs, their tragically frustrated hopes for a decent life, their strong persistent land-hunger, their essential goodness and decency, is proletarian literature under anybody's definition. When in addition it is written with a literary skill that no other current American writer can match—when beyond that it carries deep sub-surface implications, more finely done than any crude symbolism or allegory, of the power and the ability in that same working class to make a better world for themselves, it comes close to being tops in the category. I hereby climb out on a limb and nominate John Steinbeck for People's Artist No. 1.

Your reviewer gives the author a condescending pat on the head for his ability to write of people "living in brutish circumstances and on a low level of consciousness. . . ." He can only get this crack in by deliberately distorting the angle of the book, intimating that it is the lost and foredoomed Lennie who is the central character. It is obvious that the center of this beautifully re-created little universe is not Lennie but the living George, the man who took responsibility, who knew what it was all about, who went on working and maybe after that tragedy had played itself out, went on tramping those sunny, dusty roads of California—and thinking. If your reviewer was hinting that George, or Slim, or Candy, were brutish or of low mentality, it is close to being a libel on the working class.

Your reviewer gets off a few nifties like this: ". . . the fatality of destiny is transfixed in the biological, which is arbitrary, instead of being unfolded within the movement and fluidity of social relations. . . . Being immobile, imbecility may serve the dramatic as a piece of exotic stage-property, but it can never make up its development. . . ." This is high-class nonsense in two-dollar words, and is worthy of the *Saturday Review* at least. All of this is built up on that first faulty premise that the story is about Lennie. Once you orient the story about George, the intelligent worker, loyal to his friends and his class, it adds up to a fat zero.

But the really serious flaw in this review is the idea that it was merely Lennie's imbecility that was the fatality that drove these working stiffs into tragedy. Whereas the whole point of the book, hammered home unmistakably in everything these men said and did and were, is that it was the property-relations of migratory worker and land-owning boss that doomed not only Lennie but every one of them. We are given in this book a powerful study of their land hunger, their instinctive although incomplete solidarity, an impulse to a decent life strikingly in conflict with the economic background and the ruling-class representatives of that background. What more can you ask? Because the book doesn't end with marching-marching, the Red flag over the barricade (in California, mind you), it's not proletarian literature but "insidious innocence."

Now, this kind of picayune fault-finding has to stop. Steinbeck has given us today's finest contribution to proletarian literature (and I include his previous book, with all its minor faults). Are we going to give America's most promising and sympathetic writer the impression that we are a bunch of dopes, impossible to please? We have formed some pretty successful united fronts in every field but the literary; but if criticism like this is permitted to go on unchecked, we'll be the last rugged individualistic field to give in. Solidarity forever—but 'eave 'arf a brick at that stranger. DALE CURRAN.

"Writing" Communism

● I have been sufficiently interested in communism to have made a fair study of it. In my search for enlightenment, I have read a good number of books on the subject and innumerable pamphlets issued by the Communist Party. But, unfortunately, I am forced to admit that, viewed in the light of my experiences as a publicist in the capitalist world, if communism holds out any promise to the average man, that promise is still buried deep in the economo-philosophic labyrinths of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin, *et al.* For, up to the present, the doctrines of communism, insofar as they affect *the average man,* have not yet been adequately enumerated and interpreted.

I know that this arraignment will meet with a hue and cry from many members of the party, particularly those engaged in the very work I am questioning. For, cannot they readily point to mountains of printed matter issued annually by the party's propaganda agencies? To which I am compelled to reply that perhaps a distressingly large number of proletarian publicists need as fundamental a course of training in the principles of their art as the people they wish to reach need a fundamental education in the principles of communism.

Frank Davidson

Whether it be to sell a product, a service, or the philosophy of communism, no better formula has ever been discovered—if you want to reach the masses—than the answer to *"What will it do for me?"* It is the underlying principle of every capitalist promotion, for it is a universally recognized motivating force.

Why can't it be put to work for the promotion of communism?

It is a well-known fact that in the minds of millions, communism is a "horrid" word. To the capitalist it means confiscation of property. To the priest it means anti-God. To the mother it means abolition of the family. To the strait-laced it means free love. To Hearst readers it means Red terror. And so on, down the line.

And it is because the significance of communism is so distorted and misunderstood that Hearst can raise the circulation of his newspapers 10 percent with a series of dime-novel articles by Knickerbocker.

The people have been trained to think in terms of symbols. By means of a word or phrase, whole races have been condemned. They have been taught that the Negro is lazy; that the Jew is a Shylock; that the Japanese are wily. Obviously, with the preponderance of agitation against it, communism enters upon the scene of such intelligence with two strikes called on it.

In light of all this, it would seem that there is an urgent necessity for a more carefully planned educational campaign, planned with the same degree of efficiency and executed with the same degree of proficiency as the campaign, let us say, by the New York Telephone Co. at the height of agitation against holding companies.

In this connection, I heartily applaud the suggestion made by Robert Forsythe in a recent NEW MASSES article for more interesting pamphlets. But what constitutes an interesting pamphlet? Obviously, a pamphlet that is interesting to me may be dull to another.

Doesn't it follow, then, that what we need are more pamphlets that will be interesting to different *types* of people? Specifically, what has communism to offer to the woman? To the youth? To the bookkeeper? To the factory worker? To the physician? To the lawyer? To the executive business man? To the small storekeeper?

In other worls, "What will it do for *me?*"

What we need are more pamphlets that are *dramatic* as well as provocative, intriguing as well as instructive. What we need are more pamphlets that concentrate on *one point at a time.*

I would like to see one written on the subject of "Incentive," on "Human Nature," on "Survival of the Fittest," on "Freedom of Worship," on "Divorce," on "The Family," on "Free Love," and on any other phase that is often offered as an objection to communism.

And when we write, we must try not to sound dogmatic. Don't think that you can shatter all doubts on a subject, be it ever so elementary, by a flat answer in one or two paragraphs. Get a mental picture of your audience before you start to write your pamphlets. Follow some of the techniques used by enterprising commercial organizations. Notice how *they* convince!

Writing a good pamphlet is a tough job. Any good writing craftsman can reel off a novel, a play, or a dozen short stories. But a pamphlet—*that* really calls for an unusual type of genius!

Anyone who writes one as it should be written can be proud of having done a "creative" job of the highest order. HAL HUNTLEY.

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Fear is King

SPEAKING at Madison Square Garden this week before 20,000 people gathered under the joint auspices of the American Jewish Congress and the Jewish Labor Committee, John L. Lewis put his finger on the essential meaning of Nazi Germany. He called it "an object lesson and a warning." For not only has fascism revived and intensified the most barbarous forms of racial persecution characteristic of the middle ages; it has struck at the liberties of the German people, regardless of race or creed. It has tortured and persecuted and enslaved the best "aryan" elements of the country by crushing the German labor movement.

The essential common sense of Lewis's address lay in its recognition of the method in the Nazi madness. The C.I.O. leader wisely emphasized that the destruction of the German labor movement was not an end in itself. It was rather "the means through which the Nazi government could persistently degrade the standard of living of all the German people."

Therein lies the object lesson and the warning. Fear is king in Germany today—fear, and poverty, and persecution; fear, speed-up, long hours, low wages; fear, tyranny, and low living standards. And all of it the product of a barbarous system introduced by monopoly capital in a last desperate effort to save itself by reducing the people to serfdom.

Realistically, Lewis drew certain necessary conclusions from the object lesson. What has happened in Germany, he warned, must not happen in America. And the "only means of insuring our safety" is for the workers of America to "find self-expression in economic, in social, and in political matters." By the workers of America, Lewis meant not only unskilled laborers and skilled artisans, but also agricultural workers, white-collar groups, technicians, teachers, newspapermen. He meant the vast majority of the people.

That is why the program he outlined in Madison Square Garden transcended the narrow confines of A.F. of L. unionism. The workers, he urged, must be made economically free in order to assure them the maximum of opportunity "to champion and defend the elemental principles of human liberty." He described the C.I.O. not only as an instrument for improving workers' hours, wages, and conditions, but also as an instrument for the expression of their social, political, and economic aims.

As distinguished from the A.F. of L.'s pretense of being above the political battle—a pretense which screened the shadiest political alliances with the parties of monopoly capital—Lewis frankly painted the C.I.O. as a political organization, aware that "there is no reactionary force which can stand against the untrammeled and crystallized voice of the two-thirds of our population represented by labor." Nor was Lewis afraid to urge "industrial democracy" as the one method of continuing political democracy.

The C.I.O. leader made no reference to the people's front or its American equivalent, a nation-wide farmer-labor party. Yet the whole of his remarkable speech moved in that inevitable direction. If we are to avert the fate of Germany, we must have not only a strong, well-organized, articulate, and disciplined labor movement, but that labor movement must join with other progressive elements of our population in a concerted fight against fascism and Reaction.

Political Paranoia?

ANDRE MALRAUX is one of the most important of the younger European writers. When his novel about the Chinese revolution appeared under the title *Man's Fate,* Leon Trotsky praised it highly. Trotsky was not sure then where Malraux stood politically. Since then, Malraux has worked with the people's front. He translated words into deeds, joined the loyalist troops in Spain as leader of an aviation squadron. At the moment, this brilliant young novelist is in the United States pleading the cause of Spain. He has made no speeches, given no interviews, and published no articles on any other subject. You will look in vain through the newspapers and magazines of this country for any expression of opinion by Malraux in regard to Trotsky.

But what are mere facts to the self-styled leader of the "international proletariat"? Out of a clear sky, apropos of nothing at all, Trotsky, in a statement issued from Coyoacan, has attacked Malraux. It seems that Malraux came to the United States not to speak for Spain, but really to persecute Trotsky. Surely, it is inconceivable that anyone might be interested in anything but Trotsky. No doubt Malraux deliberately risked his life on the Madrid front and deliberately got himself wounded in order to carry out his malicious "Stalinist" designs all the better.

We leave it to the psychoanalysts of *Health & Hygiene*: is Trotsky's charge political paranoia or simple lying?

Counter-Attack

CHARGING that its "unsullied reputation for disinterested public service, uninfluenced by ulterior motives," had been injured by an article recently published in the *American Mercury,* the American Civil Liberties Union has instituted a libel suit against the magazine and the author for $50,000 damages. The action is based on an article in the December issue, subtitled "Liberalism à la Moscow," by Harold Lord Varney.

Statements made by Varney in his *Mercury* article, the Union holds, charge in effect that the A.C.L.U. "is an organization soliciting contributions under false pretenses and is an organization the real purpose and practice of which is to foster revolution in the United States."

Varney, it was pointed out by the Union, is a former secretary of the Italian Historical Society, the Fascist propaganda bureau in New York, and has been decorated for his services by Mussolini himself.

The American Civil Liberties Union was organized in 1920 to fight for freedom of speech, press, and assemblage wherever these constitutional rights are violated. It has close to 5000 members and contributors representing every political point of view. We can only wish it success in its counter-attack aaginst such viciousness.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The latest version of Leon Trotsky's Weltanschauung—Education in the Soviet Union

ON the surface, *The Revolution Betrayed* * is but the latest instalment in the endless Trotskyist polemic against the present Soviet leadership. The "bureaucracy" is still the arch-villain. Stalin still manages to defy the calculus of probabilities by never doing anything right; Trotsky defies that calculus by never saying anything wrong. Conditions in the U.S.S.R. are still growing infinitely worse in every possible respect at a staggering pace. A complete about-face in policy and a sweeping change in leadership remain the only salvation. And Trotsky is still willing to take over.

Below the surface, this book is more than the latest polemic; it is, rather, the last stage in a polemic. Trotsky may continue to deny the role ascribed to him by the defendants at the recent Moscow trials. There is no such easy escape from his own words in this book. Its pages present us with the materials, in Trotsky's own yords, with which to reconstruct that whole system of thought which resulted in so much damage to men and materials in the Soviet Union. *The Revolution Betrayed* is nothing less than a sometimes cautious, sometimes callous statement of the thought underlying the Trotskyist "centers."

It was no accident that the organization of the "united center" in 1932 was preceded by systematic propaganda about the imminent and inevitable collapse of Soviet economy. Radek testified that his differences with Communist Party policy were aggravated, starting in 1930, when "former colleagues in the [inner-Party] struggle began to flood me with information of the most pessimistic character, information which most fatally affected my opinion of the situation in the country." As one of those colleagues, Safarov, put it, "the country was on the verge of ruin."

Consider Trotsky's identical attitude on social and economic conditions in the U.S.S.R. He reaches quite bizarre extremes in his "flood" of "information of the most pessimistic character." According to Trotsky, "such socialism [as in the U.S.S.R.] cannot but seem to the masses a new re-facing of capitalism, and they are not far wrong." Further, "to a considerable extent," the Soviet Union is "a realm of primitive backwardness." Again: "The Soviet state in all its relations is far closer to a backward capitalism than to communism." As applied to culture: "The dictatorship reflects the past barbarism and not the future culture."

The Soviet Union gets by far the worst of it in comparisons with capitalist states. Trotsky asserts, without even attempt at proof, that "wage differences in the Soviet Union are not less, but greater than in capitalist countries." A more extreme expression of the same view is the statement that relations between workers in Soviet factories "are farther from socialist morals than relations of the workers of a capitalist factory, joined together as they are in a struggle against exploitation." This can only mean that the farther you get away from exploitation, the farther you get away from socialist morals—an absurdity.

Trotsky's attacks are often paranoiac in their ferocity. We read: "The forty million Soviet families remain in their overwhelming majority nests of medievalism, female slavery, and hysteria, daily humiliation of children, feminine and childish superstition." Of course, Trotsky has not visited a Soviet home for a decade. He makes absolutely no attempt to bolster this indictment with evidence of any kind. Experts with no political ax to grind, such as Susan Kingsbury and Fannina Halle, have written enthusiastic studies of the new Soviet family after extended examination on the spot. As sheer rhetoric, Trotsky's violent abuse would be pitiful; as political analysis, it is almost indecent in its quackery.

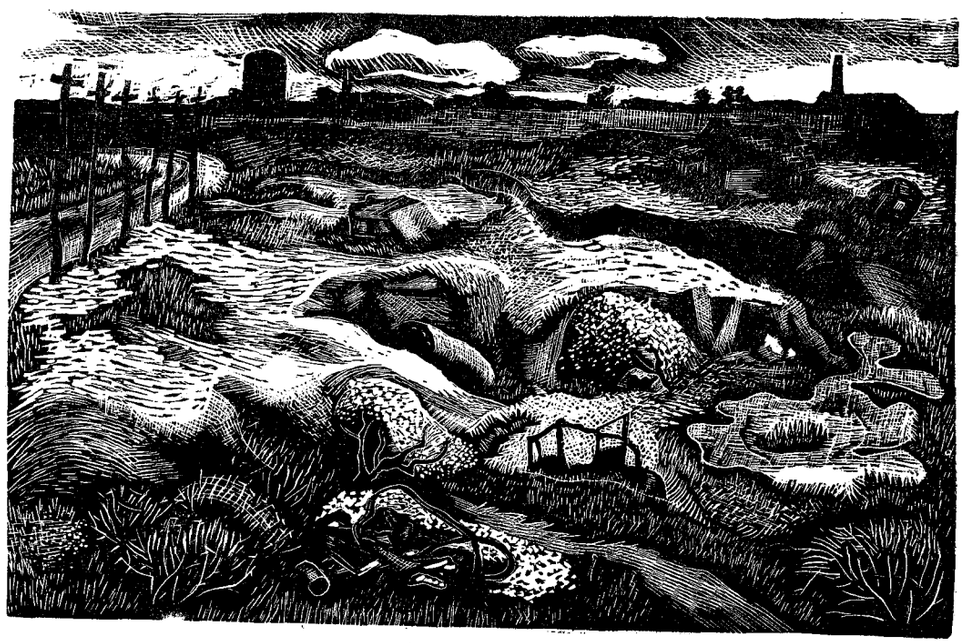
Time after time, Trotsky applies epithets to the U.S.S.R. which are generally associated only with the fascist press. The Soviet factory management is described as a "corps of slave drivers" and as "greedy and capricious bosses." The term "bosses," so hateful to workers in capitalist lands, is invariably used in the same way against Soviet management.

In passing, Trotsky asserts that "certain regions of the country have twice gone to the point of cannibalism." When? Where? On whose authority? There is no proof, no authority. This is merely one example of the unscrupulous use of anti-Soviet canards found only in the press of extreme Reaction.

Quite infrequently, Trotsky attempts to support some extravagant attack with a quotation from a Soviet leader or newspaper. The very existence of such self-criticism is eloquent rebuttal of the use he makes of it. Capitalists are not in the habit of exposing the abuses of capitalism, nor tyrants the abuses of tyranny. If the Soviet authorities themselves ruthlessly criticize errors and shortcomings, it is only because they are intent upon abolishing them. Every one of Trotsky's citations collapses under this simple test.

Trotsky's attempts to define the historical nature of the Soviet state are shot through with the most flagrant contradictions. At first, he defines the present state as "a *preparatory* regime *transitional* from capitalism to socialism." But soon the claim is made that "the old Bolshevik Party is dead, and no force will resurrect it." As for the soviets, they, too, "have entirely disappeared from the scene." Every real Marxist knows that there can be no transition to socialism without a genuine Bolshevik Party and without real soviets. Historical changes of this kind are not automatic; the Bolshevik Party represents the necessary conscious, collective leadership.

Soon Trotsky draws the fatal logic of this line of attack. He asserts that the Soviet regime "had become 'totalitarian' in character several years before this word arrived in Germany." Through one insinuation after another, he edges closer to his goal: "Many pedagogical aphorisms and maxims seem to have been copied from Goebbels, if he himself had not copied them in good part from the collabo-



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rators of Stalin." Finally, he emerges with only the teasing veil of a vague conditioning clause: "Stalinism and fascism, in spite of deep difference in social foundations, are symmetrical phenomena. In many of their features they show a deadly similarity."

It will be recalled that Lenin called for the defeat of one's own government in the last war because these governments were reactionary ones fighting an imperialist war. If Trotsky is to call for the defeat of the Soviet government in a war, and still pose as ultra-revolutionary, he must label the Soviet government a reactionary one. That is why these repeated efforts by Trotsky to represent the Soviet regime as but "a new re-facing of capitalism" is the basis for the Trotskyist policy of alliance with the fascist powers for the defeat of this "totalitarian" state in war.

This situation in the Soviet Union, according to Trotsky, is entirely the result of the usurped power of the "bureaucracy." But this "bureaucracy" is not Stalin's creation. Just the reverse, according to the book under review. The "bureaucracy" chose Stalin for his job because "he brought it all the necessary guarantees." This can only mean that there was a fully formed "bureaucracy" prior to March 1922, when Stalin was elected general secretary of the Communist Party. How was this "bureaucracy" constituted? The closest Trotsky gets to a concrete answer is that "the demobilization of the Red Army of five million played no small role in the formation of the bureaucracy." Why did Trotsky lose his contest with the "bureaucracy"? Because "the masses lacked faith that the situation could be seriously changed by a new struggle."

Much has been written about Trotsky's colossal vanity, but this is close to his best efforts in exploiting that famous ego. The most courageous peasant and proletarian warriors, the "heaven stormers" of 1917, are indicted as the core of what Trotsky considers the forces of corruption in the U.S.S.R. in order that he may save face. (Incidentally, Trotsky is also fond of parading himself as the sole organizer and chief genius of the Red Army throughout this period.) Equally typical of his way of thinking is to saddle the blame for his own debacle onto the "bewilderment and passivity" of the masses.

According to this reconstruction of history, Trotsky is still infallible. But the Red Army, five million strong, degenerated into ruthless bureaucrats, practically overnight. And the Soviet masses, immediately after the most magnificent liberation in modern history, were weighted down by "lack of faith."

Trotsky's treatment of terrorism, war, and defeatism penetrate to the very heart of the confessions at the trial.

The testimony disclosed that the Trotskyists hoped to ride into power on the back of a political crisis, caused or aggravated by acts of terror and wrecking. As one of the defendants, B. O. Norkin, put it, "the responsibility would fall not on those who performed the diversive acts, but on the leaders of the party and government." The Trotskyists deliberately planned these extreme measures in order to set the masses against the government. Such a political crisis could not follow if remnants of the old ruling classes were found to be the terrorists and wreckers; that would only rally the masses behind the government. The terrorists must, therefore, be represented as coming from the broad masses themselves, and the acts of terror interpreted as the prelude of a political crisis.

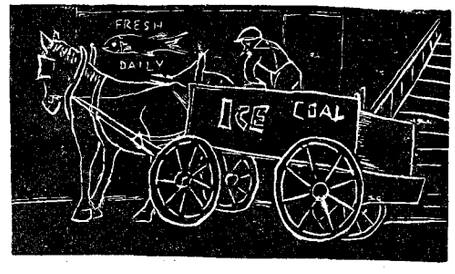
Trotsky follows this outline of the testimony (remember, his book was completed before the August trials) in amazing detail. For these strategic reasons, he finds it necessary, in this book, to acquit the remnants of the former ruling classes of responsibility for the acts of terror. Anxious to clear the way for his "political crisis" provoked by terror against the "bureaucracy," he writes:

> As for the latest outburst of terrorism, it does not rest either upon the old ruling classes or upon the kulak. The terrorists of the latest draft are recruited exclusively from among the young, from the ranks of the Communist youth and the party—not infrequently from the offspring of the ruling stratum. Although completely impotent to solve the problem which it sets itself, this individual terror has nevertheless an extremely important symptomatic significance. It characterizes the sharp contradiction between the bureaucracy and the broad masses of the people, especially the young.

The problem which terrorism sets itself is overthrow of the government; as the trials revealed and as this book develops, more than terror was planned by the Trotskyists for that. The significant thing about these lines on terrorism is that no attempt whatever is made to give evidence for the extraordinary blanket absolution for the kulaks and the equally astounding charge against the Soviet youth. Even sharp critics of the Soviet Union admit that the youth are treated with special solicitude. Unless Trotsky could possibly prove these two assertions, they cannot be taken except as pretenses at analysis.

These wild statements are nothing more than threadbare attempts to prepare for that political crisis which the Trotskyists hoped to foment by their own acts of terror. They murdered Kirov but they miscalculated as to its effect. As Radek expressed it:

> We became convinced that this murder had not produced the results the organizers had expected. It was not justified by the results; it was not a blow at the Central Committee; it did not rouse sympathy among the masses of the people as the Trotskyites-Zinovievites had expected it would; on the contrary, it resulted in the masses of people uniting around the Central Committee; it led to the arrest of a large number of Zinovievites and Trotskyites.



Sid Gotcliffe

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Even more precise and damaging is Trotsky's discussion of war and the Soviet Union.

His basic premise is that defeat for the U.S.S.R. is inevitable unless revolution sweeps the West. Instead of viewing a victory for the Soviet Union as the motive force of revolution, he makes revolution the only possible condition for a Soviet victory.

He plunges from extreme to extreme. It does not matter whether the Red Army is victorious or defeated, because "without the interference of revolution, the social bases of the Soviet Union must be crushed, not only in case of defeat, but also in case of victory." Common sense, let alone Marxism, would dictate that defeat for Hitler Germany in a war against the U.S.S.R. means revolution in Germany, not counter-revolution in the Soviet Union.

This notion, that defeat or victory for the Soviet Union is of little or no consequence, is formulated in a number of ways, such as:

"The problems of the Soviet Union are now being decided on the Spanish peninsula, in France, and Belgium. . . . If the Soviet bureaucracy succeeds . . . in insuring the victory of reaction in Spain and France . . . the Soviet Union will find itself on the edge of ruin."

But Trotsky has repeatedly expressed the opinion that both France and Spain are practically lost to the fascists due to the people's-front policy; his adherents in both countries exercise a microscopic influence. To make matters worse, Trotsky plays both ends at once: Spain is lost because the Soviet Union has given inadequate aid; the Soviet Union is lost because Spain will not give more aid.

There is one note of hope in this lugubrious picture. Trotsky is at last extravagantly optimistic that war will bring revolution, very quickly, too.

The danger of war and defeat of the Soviet Union is a reality, but the revolution is also a reality. If the revolution does not prevent war, then war will help the revolution. Second births are commonly easier than the first. In a new war it will not be necessary to wait a whole two years and a half for the first insurrection. Once it is begun, the revolution will not stop this time halfway.

This optimism overleaps all bounds of sanity:

Even a military defeat of the Soviet Union would be only a short episode, in case of a victory of the proletariat in other countries. And on the other hand, no military victory can save the inheritance of the October Revolution, if imperialism holds out in the rest of the world.

These sentences typify, better than all the rest, the essential element of fantasy in the whole Trotskyist position. Is it conceivable that imperialism can hold out in the *entire* world if the Soviet Union scores a military victory in a war against the fascist international? Is it conceivable that the proletariat in other countries can be victorious if the proletarian revolution in the U.S.S.R. is smashed?

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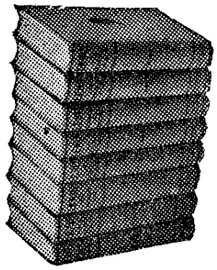

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the Soviet Union. A defeat for the Soviet Union would be the most shattering blow which fascism could deliver against the international labor movement. Denial of these fundamental points leads Trotsky into deprecating the importance of a military defeat for the Soviet Union in war. It led him into the most miserable adventures in order to hasten that war which would bring revolution. It ended in his alliance with fascism for the defeat of the Soviet Union, "only a short episode."

The last question in reference to this book is: What would Trotsky substitute for the present state of things in the U.S.S.R.? According to the testimony at the trials, he contemplated a retreat in the direction of capitalism, as a necessary concession to his fascist allies.

A new "revolution" is necessary, writes Trotsky, because "in any case, the bureaucracy can be removed only by a revolutionary force." But this "revolution" is not necessarily socialist, for Trotsky tells us:

> "The program of the new revolution depends to a great degree upon the moment when it breaks out, upon the level which the country has attained, and to a great degree upon the international situation."

This formula is vague enough to mean almost anything that Trotsky would be pleased to make it mean at any given moment. Does our construction that his "revolution" would not result in a proletarian dictatorship seem strained? This book proves that Trotsky's "revolution" *could not* be a proletarian dictatorship.

If victorious, Trotsky tells us, he would hasten to restore freedom for factions within the Communist Party. Generations of Communists have been trained on Lenin's teachings on the necessity for a "monolithic" party, a conception which goes as far back as the famous pamphlet, *What Is to Be Done?*, written in 1901-2. Despite this, Trotsky proclaims that "the present doctrine that bolshevism does not tolerate factions is a myth of the epoch of decline." To back this up, he commits mayhem on well-known Communist history. In March 1921, at the Tenth Congress of the Russian Communist Party, Lenin introduced a resolution prohibiting factions and groupings within the party. It was passed by an overwhelming majority. Trotsky now tells us that the resolution was passed because the Kronstadt rebellion "attracted into its ranks no small number of Bolsheviks." The duplicity in this rewriting of history is astounding. First, Lenin's resolution was aimed at *Trotsky's* opposition (and the so-called Workers' Opposition) on the trade-union question, as any reader of Lenin's speeches at that Congress can discover for himself. Secondly, the Kronstadt rebels put forth the slogan "Soviets without Communists," an unthinkable slogan for Communists. This rebellion was led by Left Social Revolutionaries. Thirdly, the question of factions was not raised for the first time in 1921 (a specific resolution was then needed to prohibit existing factions). This point was

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well understood by all Bolsheviks; the toleration of factions is alien to the very conception of a Bolshevik Party.

If victorious, Trotsky would also restore freedom of "opposition parties" in the Soviet Union. It is well known that Lenin carried on a fierce polemic with the Social Democrats on this very issue; his point was that any party but the Communist Party would necessarily represent an alien class, would rally all counter-revolutionary elements around it. Nevertheless, Trotsky has the nerve to write:

> "The opposition parties were forbidden one after another . . . obviously in conflict with the spirit of Soviet democracy . . . as an episodic act of self-defense."

In order to bolster this butchery of Communist theory, he resorts to some more phony history:

> "An example of only one party corresponding to one class is not to be found in the whole course of political history—provided, of course, you do not take the police appearance for reality."

It was reliance upon "police appearance" which led the Second Congress of the Communist International (July-August 1920) to define the function of a Communist Party as defending "the interests, not of separate groups or professions, but of the working class as a whole."! This principle is enunciated as far back as the *Communist Manifesto*. The Bolshevik Party could not have led a successful revolution in 1917 if it had not represented, not only the interests of the workers, but of all the exploited in Russia.

Trotsky represents "opposition parties" as defending the interests of different strata of the working class. This means that the essential interests of every part of the working class are not identical, a conception in sharpest conflict with Marxism and with life itself.

The real significance of Trotsky's restoration of political parties and party factions lies in the social conditions which alone could make these things possible. Those social conditions are necessarily capitalist. Here we have a euphemism for capitalist restoration, a euphemism which will escape no Marxist.

The Trotskyists have demanded more evidence of Trotsky's guilt. Here they have it, out of his own pages.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Creative Education

CHANGING MAN: THE EDUCATION SYSTEM OF THE U.S.S.R., *by Beatrice King. New York. The Viking Press.* $2.75.

A CLEAR understanding of the unifying purpose of education in a healthy society is at the core of Miss King's fine statement on the Soviet educational system. Out of her frequent trips to the U.S.S.R., her fluent use of the language, and a mature understanding of the principles of a planned economy, she has written a compact guide and a sound interpretation of the theory and practice of Soviet education. She has answered her own question written many years ago to her friends in the U.S.S.R.: "Tell me about the educational system and then I will be able to judge of the Revolution." The book's eighteen chapters and full appendices answer authoritatively many important questions on the background, early history, organization, and administration of their schools. Particularly interesting and valuable chapters are devoted to creative self-expression, sex instruction, educational research, examinations, the labor theory of education, the position and conditions of teachers, and adult education. No one of these topics is, of course, treated exhaustively, but the western reader will find a clear, balanced summary which accurately interprets what is happening there in terms understandable in the American scene.

Has Soviet education gone conservative? That is a question frequently asked by those interested in progressive education. Miss King agrees with Professor George Counts, who has just returned from an extensive study abroad, that both the Soviet school and society are constantly becoming more radical. Rumors that any phase of life in the U.S.S.R. is moving toward capitalism are only the vaporous dream of wish-thinkers. It is true that children and students have learned to discipline themselves, that progressive methods are no longer the end in education as so frequently happens in advanced schools in the United States, and that salaries are rising rapidly. It must also be admitted that "marriage is not considered a crime for which a professional woman must be punished by the loss of her post," and that Soviet educators have compiled research evidence which convinced them that the so-called hereditary inferiority in the intelligence of backward races is a result of past economic conditions.

The outstanding principle of Soviet education is polytechnization. Marx, Engels, and Lenin repeatedly emphasized that the educational system in a healthy society must be based upon a thorough understanding of how food, clothing, and shelter are produced. Linking the factory and the farm with the school in the U.S.S.R. was an indispensable step in establishing this labor concept. Essentially it is the principle of a cultivated and cultured vocational education applied to learning rather than to production purposes, and for social rather than individual ends. The result is a keen interest in the coöperative effort of every child in the common welfare and in making man's work the well-spring which continuously renews life in the creative arts, literature, and the sciences. Polytechnization unifies the school and society as educators elsewhere have long vainly struggled to do.

Miss King particularly stresses the differences between higher education in the U.S.S.R. and in other lands. "About 80 percent of the Soviet students receive a stipend sufficient to enable them to live while studying." Quarters are provided for married students, with nursery schools to care for their children during the day. The woman student is allowed two months off before and two months after the

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birth of her child. She may then resume her studies. Student parents receive extra grants to care for their children, and schooling and all medical services are free. Discipline is entirely in the hands of the students, and as a problem hardly exists. There are no childish rules regulating students' return to their dormitories. Men and women students may entertain each other freely in their rooms. Academic freedom is complete beyond the conception of other countries.

Teachers' living and working conditions are constantly improving. Salaries are equal to those of other skilled workers; social insurance includes a non-contributory pension; there is free medical attention; rentals are at the rate of 10 percent of the salary, with reductions for large families; free education for their children includes maintenance grants at universities or institutes; attendance at teacher training institutions is free; and there is complete academic and economic security.

Union organization is naturally highly developed in a workers' state; more than 30 percent of the teachers are engaged in active unpaid union work. The Union of Educational Workers has entire charge of the social-insurance fund and expends it on pensions, sanatoria, sick pay, houses for teachers, pregnancy and confinement, extra food for babies and young children, and in supporting pioneer camps.

Changing Man is professional in the finest sense of the word. It is a sympathetic, accurate, expert account of the developing basis for cultural enrichment in the U.S.S.R. Those who wish to understand how youth is prepared for a socialist society and how man may remake himself and the world will find no other comparable guide.

HOLLAND D. ROBERTS.

Brief Reviews

AN ATLAS OF EMPIRE, *by J. F. Horrabin. Alfred A. Knopf.* $1.50.

It is always a pleasure to greet a new work by J. F. Horrabin. Somebody ought to do a study of social philosophies in relation to map-making. If so, Horrabin would represent the pioneering stage of map-making by one thoroughly in sympathy with the labor movement. His maps make *sense;* they are not merely something to look at or consult, but something to *understand.* His latest work is a study of imperialism in terms of maps. This might be thought a thankless job, but not so with Horrabin, because he understands the political as well as the pictorial relationship. The maps deal with Europe, Africa, Asia (India, Near and Far East), Australia, and the Pacific, and are vivid illustrations of his method. They teach and explain while they illustrate. Every map is followed by a short explanation, but the maps generally stand up by themselves. The pity is we have no Horrabin in America.

T. D.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING TRADES, *by Frederick L. Ryan. University of Oklahoma Press.* $3.

Dr. Ryan has collected and organized in an extremely readable manner a mass of material of great importance to labor history and its students. The building trades unions are the backbone of the A. F. of L. leadership. For a clear understanding of the inner trade union politics, finally leading to the

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By UPTON SINCLAIR

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A New York publishing house stood ready to bring out this book at $2, with a cash advance, and no bother or risk for me. Instead, I am publishing it myself at 25 cents; a 65,000-word novel put into the form of a pocket-size magazine.

I have tried this cheap book idea several times before, and landed myself in debt every time. But here is a world emergency, and I appeal to men and women of conscience to get mass circulation for this book.

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Konrad Bercovici read the manuscript, and says: "A powerful and moving story. Should have a large sale in many countries. The battle scenes are magnificent—I know, because I have seen battles."

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Penguin Books, London, cabled an offer to issue 50,000 copies without having seen a line of the manuscript. I have written my German publisher—a refugee in Prague—that I give my German-language rights without royalty; the same to my Spanish publishers in Madrid and Barcelona, and various refugee Italian groups. My answer to Mussolini, who banned my books, and to Hitler, who burned them.

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suspension of the C.I.O. unions, a knowledge of the rôle of the building trades groups is indispensable. Dr. Ryan's book will contribute to this end. The complicated structure of these unions is largely a result of organic development in relation to economic history dating from the Civil War. This volume treats the period 1849—1935 and deals with a city which is one of the three key centers in the industry.

Much of what happened in San Francisco served as a model for New York union officials. The Maritime Federation of the West Coast has demonstrated the possibility of overcoming craft distinctions, and from this, the building trades have received a powerful stimulus toward amalgamation. However, it is doubtful if these unions will as successfully break the hold of their parent internationals as have the maritime unions. Just why this is so, is revealed in this volume, and hardly justifies the extremely hopeful position held by its author. L. M.

CABINET GOVERNMENT, *by W. Ivor Jennings. Cambridge: At the University Press; New York: The Macmillan Company.* $5.50.

This impressive, carefully done study of the British cabinet does much to explode some legends about Britain's democratic government. The author comes to the conclusion that the cabinet is "the core of the British constitutional system." But it is a far from democratic core because it functions in secret and mainly through a "prætorian guard" of permanent civil service officials. The cabinet is able to exercise extraordinary power, especially in emergencies, because British law is unwritten, unformulated, and largely dependent upon precedent. As a result, the cabinet is faced with few restrictions, if public opinion is not vigilant and militant on the side of safeguarding democratic rights. The secret behind the crisis over the abdication of Edward VIII is illuminated by such passages as the following: "The most important parts of the cabinet system function in secret. Information is rarely made available until the persons concerned in particular events are dead. The constitutional lawyer is apt therefore to be a generation behind the times." The bulk of the book is concerned with a description of the powers of the cabinet and its relation to the prime minister, the monarchy, and parliament. The style is technical, but the material is extremely revealing of how a capitalist democracy functions in practice. T. D.

Recently Recommended Books

Between the Hammer and the Anvil, by Edwin Seaver. Messner. $2.50.

I Will Not Rest, by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by K. S. Shelvankar. Liveright. $2.25.

April, by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran, and Caxton. $2.

Catherine de' Medici and the Lost Revolution, by Ralph Roeder. Viking. $3.75.

An Actor Prepares, by Constantin Stanislavski. Theatre Arts. $2.50.

Dialectics: The Logic of Marxism, and its Critics—An Essay in Exploration, by T. A. Jackson. International. $.50.

Report, Brussels Peace Congress. Secretariat, International Peace Campaign.

The Croquet Player, by H. G. Wells. Viking. $1.25.

Some of My Best Friends Are Jews, by Robert Gessner. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.

Are You a Stockholder?, by Alden Winthrop. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

On This Island, by W. H. Auden. Random House. $1.50.

Unemployment Relief in Periods of Depression, by Leah H. Feder. Russell Sage Foundation. $2.50.

America Today, a book of 100 prints exhibited by the American Artists' Congress. Equinox. $5.

Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture, prepared by the Federal Writers' Projects of the Works Progress Administration. Caxton. $3.

This Is Your Day, by Edward Newhouse. Lee Furman. $2.50.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Joseph Conrad filmed again—Martha Graham and the W.P.A.—A Gropper show and some plays

JOSEPH CONRAD'S stories about Nihilist-Anarchist activities during the early part of this century are cynical and unsympathetic studies of underground revolutionary movements represented by blood, terror, and intrigue. To present them in their true Conrad spirit would result in a vile picture of revolutionary movements in the past as well as today. I have already spoken of Alfred Hitchcock's distillation (at the expense of story values) of Conrad's *Secret Agent* in my discussion of the recent *The Woman Alone.* Now the Cameo Theater in New York is playing host to a French version of Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* released here as *Razumov* (Garrison Film). It is a tragic portrait of a Russian student on the eve of a "brilliant" academic career, who is unwittingly caught in the mesh of police and political intrigue until he is killed as a spy and an "informer." While the film is played against the backdrop of the Nihilist movement in Russia and Geneva (1910), it is essentially a psychological analysis of its tragic hero, *Razumov* (Pierre Fresney).

Marc Allegret, who did a documentary film (*The Voyage to the Congo,* filmed together with André Gide), has assembled a brilliant cast and technical staff. They are all splendid, and the cameraman has done his best to set the tone of this tragic story. But Mr. Allegret seems to have relied on his brilliant cast and his cameramen and his composer, Auric, instead of giving direction. The film is full of directorial "boners" and clumsy passages. *Razumov* was potentially an important film. Now it is merely a *good* French thriller. Like the French *Crime and Punishment,* this current film does not succeed in making the opening sequences look and *feel* like Russia. Along with this feature is a newsreel-document produced by the Socialist Party of France of last year's thrilling united-front celebration of the anniversary of the Paris Commune.

Nancy Steel Is Missing (20th Century-Fox) wants you to believe that Victor McLaglen in the role of an Irish bully is a militant pacifist, that he hates a certain munitions magnate, that he kidnaps the millionaire's daughter to keep America from getting into the war. If you can get over that part of the tale, you will find yourself looking at a conventional prison tale where Peter Lorre as the cute but cold-blooded killer gets into the story and learns McLaglen's big secret. Now we get into a story about blackmail. Finally the film ends in a mood of fatherly love (McLaglen and Walter Conolly) and paternal sacrifice. This may not seem very clear, but neither is the film.

Love Is News (20th Century-Fox) is another of those little gems about the richest girl in the world and her romance with a newspaper reporter. *Wings of the Morning* (20th Century-Fox) is distinguished only by the fact that it brings to us that delightful French comedienne Annabelle and the first feature-film of the Spanish civil war. Although the color is called "natural technicolor," it still resembles the inserts of the *National Geographic* magazine. Even if it is better looking than other technicolor films, it still isn't good. The story may be summed up as being about love and a racehorse. By comparison, Dr. Ramussen's *The Wedding of Palo,* which at the moment is at the 55th Street Playhouse in New York, is refreshing for its documentation of eskimo life in Greenland in spite of the fact that an attempt has been made to force the natives into a love story where one was not needed.

PETER ELLIS.

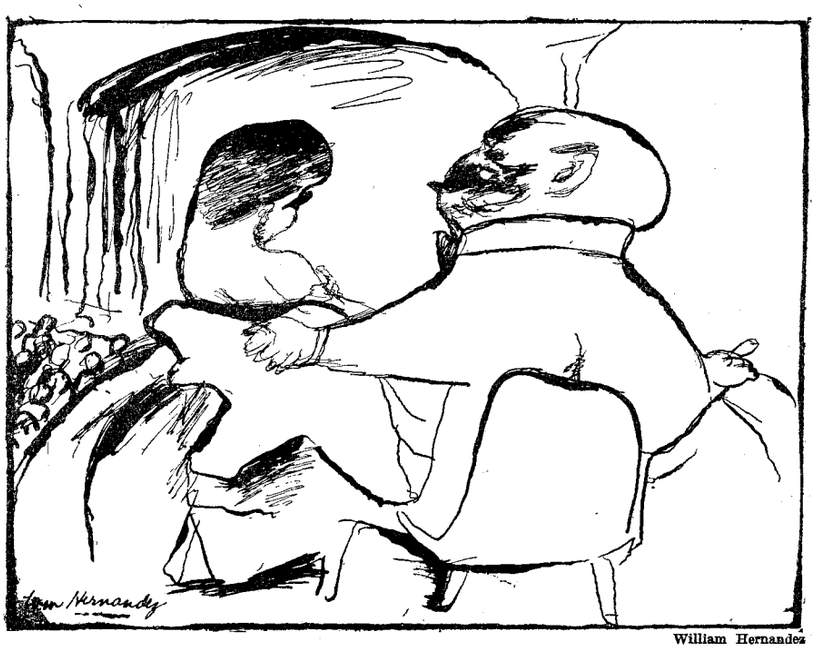
THE DANCE

AFTER its February lull, the dance season took its second wind and got under way with a flock of ten concerts in the first week of the new month.

Martha Graham, now touring the country with her group (for the first time), presented in a two-concert series what amounted to a retrospective show. In addition to the revised anti-war *Chronicle* and the anti-imperialist *Imperial Gesture,* such earlier compositions as *Heretic,* the rather romantic *Lamentation, Ekstasis,* and the slight satirical *Four Casual Developments* were presented. *American Provincials* (a development on the *Heretic* theme in the Puritan tradition), *Frontier* (a sensitive salute to the plainsman pioneer), the ironic *Sarabande,* and the two swift-moving group compositions, *Celebration* and *Course* (these later dances more mature and richer works for theme as well as treatment), complete the repertory of dances that probably will make up the road programs. While the compositions of Martha Graham may prove difficult of comprehension for the uninitiated, there is no dancer or group of dancers doing more significant work in America. The group compositions, especially, should prove a moving experience to the dance audiences that must see them for the first time.

The changes in *Chronicle* are additions principally, and while "Prelude to Action," with its clenched-fist motif, comes through as an anti-war statement in a more positive vein, there is much new material that tends to halt rather than clarify the movement. The conscious effort to simplify and explain what was (to judge from audience response) too abstruse for unequivocal understanding, somewhat dulled the deftness, ease, and sharpness which moved the first presentations of the composition. It would seem that gain in a literary sense is no compensation for loss of quality in movement. Basically, however, *Chronicle* is unaltered, and remains brilliantly and stirringly anti-war, anti-fascist.

Another facet of the work of the Graham group was presented at one of the regular W.P.A. Sunday afternoon dance-and-music concerts—this time under the direction of Louis Horst, musical director for Martha Graham, who delivered a note on the court dances of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which the group illustrated. Mr. Horst pointed to the influence of the rising secular forces of the Renaissance on the religious dance, the ruling class domination of the dance



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forms in both the medieval and Renaissance periods. Undoubtedly, he said, there were secular dances before the Renaissance, but the recording of them was forgotten simply because the church was the official and only chronicler of the period. A rather poignant comment on the role of the dominating class in the arts.

Interesting, too, was the recognition that the lives of certain of the court forms were cut short in the case of the rigavdon because the dance inheritantly afforded development of individual virtuosity; in the case of the bourrée, the dance was too healthy and unavoidably rustic in its movements for the courts. Conversely, much that was developed and as often corrupted in the courts was drawn directly from the peasantry of the country.

The dances of the afternoon were for the most part authentically and well developed from manuscript by several of the dancers of the group. OWEN BURKE.

THE FINE ARTS

WILLIAM GROPPER, who has mastered the most advanced technique of the modernists and employs it to portray the class struggle in contemporary terms, is opportunely represented by his show at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York. Gropper marks a milestone in American art today, for he has rescued painting from the over-refined sensibility and abstract remoteness of modernism, while using its technical advances the more eloquently to present the theme of the conflict between the working class and its allies and the forces of reaction and fascism.

Whether Gropper deals with the bloody struggle in Spain (as he does in the current show) or the battle between labor and capital in the United States; whether he presents the grotesque cynicism of the ruling class or the bitter misery of the poor; whether he depicts Spanish women fleeing from an air raid or southern posses tracking a Negro in a swamp, he clothes his work in consummate artistry. Here is no raw propaganda to offend the æsthetes with crude chromo illustration, but painting which is at once subtle and vigorous in its plastic presentation. Here is the movement of living men and women, the tragedy of war and exploitation, the daily battle of the poor set down in rapturous color and intricate pattern. Gropper has all the gifts of a virtuoso, but luckily they are disciplined to a cause which provides him with a great theme.

Gropper is no more adept in his mordant black-and-white cartoons than in his paintings. His sensitivity to the moods of changing nature—the ripe color of autumn woods, the bleak sky pared of clouds by a clean sharp wind, the huddled damp forms of hills at dawn—would make him a preëminent landscape painter if an overwhelming passion for human beings did not predominate. He knows no division between his love of man and of nature.

In the show at the A.C.A. Gallery he has fulfilled the promise given in his first exhibition last year. Most engrossing are his water colors—a medium which he offers for the first time publicly. Here again he charts new territory, breaking sharply with the tradition of John Marin's remote many-hued loveliness and presenting us with rich and complex patterns in the monotone of Chinese paintings. Such pictures as *Cops* and *Execution* challenge the dramatic intensity of Orozco's lithographs of the Mexican revolution.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

THE THEATER

PROCEEDING, apparently, on the theory that the love all the world holds for lovers extends also to dog lovers, the Theatre Guild has produced what in many respects is a loving and lovable play in *Storm Over Patsy.* It is the story of the cropper come by a Scotch politician who, in the course of his upward climb, commits the blunder of according cavalier treatment to a neighborhood mongrel and his mistress. There is a righteously indignant cub newspaperman who tells the story, there is the politician's young wife who is lost to the newspaperman, there is the whole dog-loving community seething with wrath at the callous handling of Patsy, and there is the serio-comic magistrate's court where everything comes out in the wash. It all seems pleasingly trifling and at times fantastic, but under all the froth there is a fairly strong current of popular solidarity and anger against the oppressiveness of state rule and the opportunism of politicians who perpetrate it. The battle for the life of Patsy, unlicensed because his mistress cannot raise the fee, symbolizes the whole struggle of the oppressed poor against an unfeeling and tyrannous bureaucracy. James Bridie's adaptation of Bruno Frank's comedy thus carries the satisfyingness of the real as well as the divertingness of the humorously whimsical. Sara Allgood, Claudia Morgan, Roger Livesey, Ian MacLean, and Leo G. Carroll are among those of the company who contribute special delights.

Of considerably lesser stature, but, nevertheless, not without its moments, is *Sun Kissed,* a comedy which candles the somewhat addled California egg against the light of good-humored satire. In a boarding house which is a refuge for diet fiends, spiritualists, goose-fanciers, beauty-contest winners, and other assorted cultists, presided over by Humphrey Newberry (Charles Coburn), his up-and-coming daughter (Francesca Bruning) patches up her threadbare marriage with her psychologist husband (Russell Hardie). Playwright Raymond Van Sickle has not departed very far from traditional dramatic sense and nonsense in his materials, but in one scene, in which the houseful of rootless beings celebrate the birthday of Humphrey Newberry, he and Director George Somnes reveal an acuteness of observation that verges on the painful.

A comedy of jerkwater politics, *Now You've Done It,* by Mary Cole Chase, boasts but two things: a not unrealistic grasp of how politicians get that way in the best of all possible worlds, and the presence of Margaret

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City information—JErome 6-2334.

Perry, wife of Burgess Meredith, who does a good job as an ex-reformatory housemaid, albeit seeming uncannily like her husband.

A magazine based upon the dialectico-materialist viewpoint can not readily acknowledge the existence of magic, but we feel forced to recognize something close to it in the ability of monologists such as Ruth Draper and others to people a whole stage with imaginary characters who seem arrestingly involved in dramatic interaction—until the curtain falls, when we blink awake and realize there was only one person on stage all that time. An expert practitioner in this black art is Helen Howe, who recently showed her "monodramas" in New York and is now on tour. Apart from the lady-at-club-meeting or lady-in-railroad-train sort of thing, of which her repertoire includes several items that are not individually distinguished, she did two full-bodied social satires that put her in the front rank in her field. One was an exploration of British ruling-class duplicity and avarice, and the other was authentic Americana, in which a group of escapists on one of those southwestern ranchos is mercilessly dissected, and thrown into sharper relief by contrast with a character based on "Baby Doe" Tabor, who died alone, gun across her knees, guarding the mine left her by her pioneer prospector husband.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all program listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Problems Before Congress. Members of the House of Representatives discuss them Wednesdays at 3:30, and Senators Thursdays at 5 p.m. Columbia.

Discussion. U. of Pittsburgh vs. U. of Washington on "Resolved: that Congress be empowered to pass maximum-hour and minimum-wage legislation for industry." Sat., March 13, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Bach Choral. St. John's Passion, sung by Schola Cantorum. Sun., March 21, 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Women's Rights. Dorothy Kenyon and others, discussing the Equal Rights Amendment, Mon., March 22, 5 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Civil Liberties. Dramatization of the fight for freedom of assembly in the weekly program of the U. S. Office of Education, Mon., March 22, 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

The Woman Alone. Director Alfred Hitchcock's version of Conrad's *The Secret Agent,* with Sylvia Sidney.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles. Roland Young in a funny H. G. Wells story.

PLAYS

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse (Playhouse, N. Y.). Cedric Hardwicke in Barré Lyndon's smooth, clever, crook comedy-drama.

Power (Ritz, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper's powerful and amusing attack on the utilities racket.

The Sun and I (Adelphi, N. Y.). A free rendering of the story of the Biblical Joseph, by Leona and Barrie Stavis.

Having Wonderful Time (Lyceum, N. Y.). Marc Connelly direction and Arthur Kober authorship of a play about young love at camp.

Marching Song (Bayes, N. Y.). The Theatre Union's strong production of John Howard Lawson's play about an auto strike.

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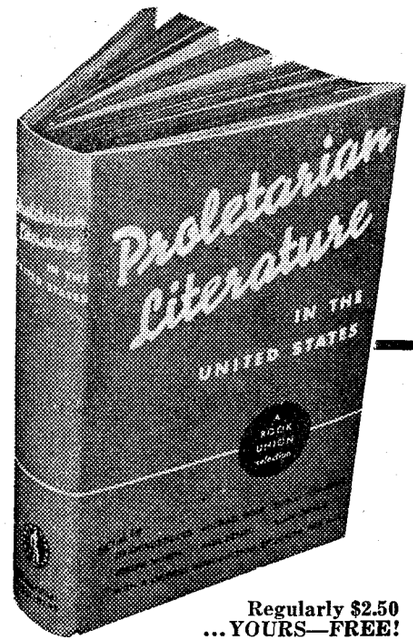

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